

BATMAN  
No. 26

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CENTS

# BATMAN





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\*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

# Only in

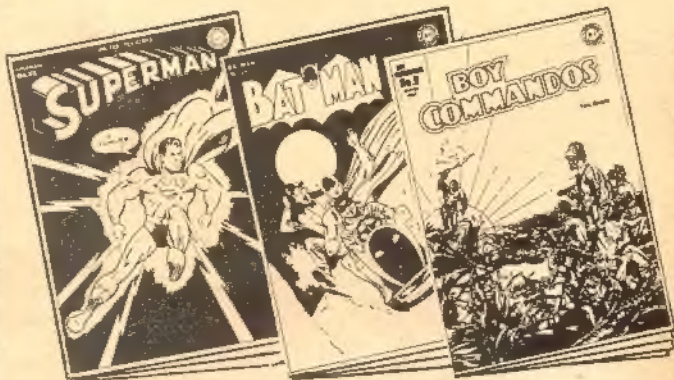


# are found

# THESE TOP-RANKING HEROES

# of the

# COMICS WORLD!



● FOR A GUARANTEE OF  
THE BEST IN ANY COMIC  
MAGAZINE, ALWAYS LOOK  
FOR THE SUPERMAN-DC  
SYMBOL ON THE COVER!







A CROOK FOR THE BOOKS IS THE CUNNING CAVALIER, THAT SWASHBUCKLING SWORDSMAN OF CRIME! FOR IN A SINGLE BOLD LEAP, HE SPRINGS FROM THE GARNERING OF MINIATURE BOOTY—TRINKETS AND GADGETS AND ODD BRIC-A-BRAC--TO THE MOST COLOSSAL LOOT IN THE WORLD! BUT THERE'S NO ELUDING THE MIGHTY **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**, AS THEY TAKE TO THE TRAIL OF THE ROMANTIC ROGUE IN HIS LATEST PUZZLE OF THE ...  
"TWENTY TON ROBBERY!"



UNMASKED BY THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** AS **MORTIMER DRAKE**, A PLAYBOY IN **BRUCE WAYNE'S** OWN SOCIAL SET, THE DASHING CAVALIER LURKS IN A SHABBY SECTION OF **GOTHAM CITY...**

LUCIFER TAKE THAT MEDDLESOME PAIR! THEY HAVE FOUND THE CAVALIER OUT AS **MORTIMER DRAKE**! I CAN NO LONGER APPEAR IN MY OWN IDENTITY!



BUT THAT'S EASILY FIXED! WITH MODERN MAKEUP, I CAN CHANGE MY APPEARANCE AS OFTEN AND COMPLETELY AS I WANT! AND AS FOR A NAME—**ALBERT FOSTER** WILL DO AS WELL AS ANY!



HA, HA! **BATMAN** OR NO **BATMAN**, THE CAVALIER WILL CONTINUE HIS CRIMINAL CAREER... AND MORE SPECTACULARLY THAN EVER!



SOON, IN A FAVORITE UNDERWORLD AMUSEMENT CENTER...

SO YOU'RE THE CAVALIER AND YOU WANT US TO THROW IN WITH YOU, HUH? WHAT D'YOU TAKE US FOR—CHUMPS? HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE THE CAVALIER?

A SIMPLE MATTER TO PROVE..



ON GUARD!



YIPE!

ZUT! SO!

DIDYA SEE THAT? ONLY THE CAVALIER COULDA USED A STICK THAT WAY!



GOLLY, NOW WE KNOW WHAT THE CAVALIER REALLY LOOKS LIKE!

WE'LL WORK WITH YOU, CAVALIER, BUT NOT FOR THEM LITTLE TRINKETS YOU USED TO GO AFTER!

TWO POINTS—FIRST, YOU STILL DO NOT KNOW WHAT I LOOK LIKE, FOR I HAVE MANY IDENTITIES! SECOND, YOU PROVIDE THE BRAUN AND I THE WIT, AND WE SHALL HAVE MORE COIN OF THE REALM THAN YOU EVER DEEMED POSSIBLE!





NEXT NIGHT, A SOCIALITE MASQUERADE BALL IS IN PROGRESS... AND AMONG THE GUESTS ARE PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON..

WE CAN'T SEEM TO GET AWAY FROM THE CAVALIER, BRUCE? THE PLACE IS FULL OF 'EM.

THAT'S NOT UNUSUAL AT A COSTUME PARTY, DICK?



SUDDENLY...

ATTENTION, ONE AND ALL! AS YOU CAN INSTANTLY SEE, I AM THE CAVALIER, COME TO ROB YOU! MY MEN WILL PASS AMONG YOU AND DIVEST YOU OF YOUR VALUABLES!



BUT THE NEXT INSTANT...

SAY, MAYBE THIS ISN'T A JOKE? HE DOES LOOK LIKE THE CAVALIER?

ANYBODY IN THAT OUTFIT WOULD—THOSE OTHER CAVALIERS, FOR INSTANCE?



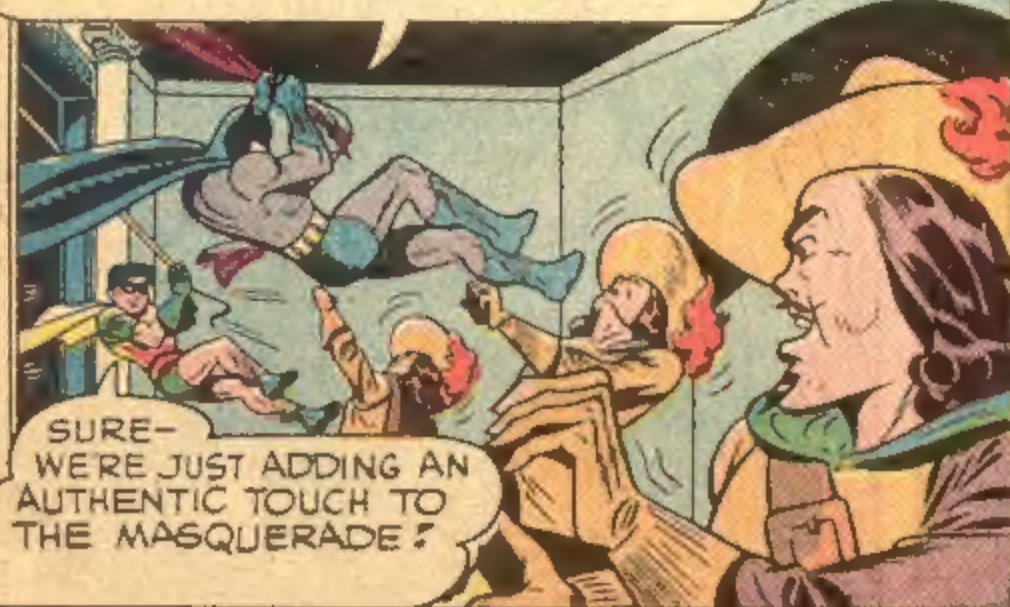
HAND OVER YOUR DOUGH AND JEWELRY, FOLKS?

AND DON'T ARGUE, OR YOU'LL GO OUT ON A STRETCHER?



UNOBTRUSIVELY, TWO FIGURES SLIP OUT OF THE PANIC-FILLED ROOM... AND RETURN AS—BATMAN AND ROBIN!

DON'T LET US INTERRUPT YOUR LITTLE GAME...IF YOU CAN HELP IT?

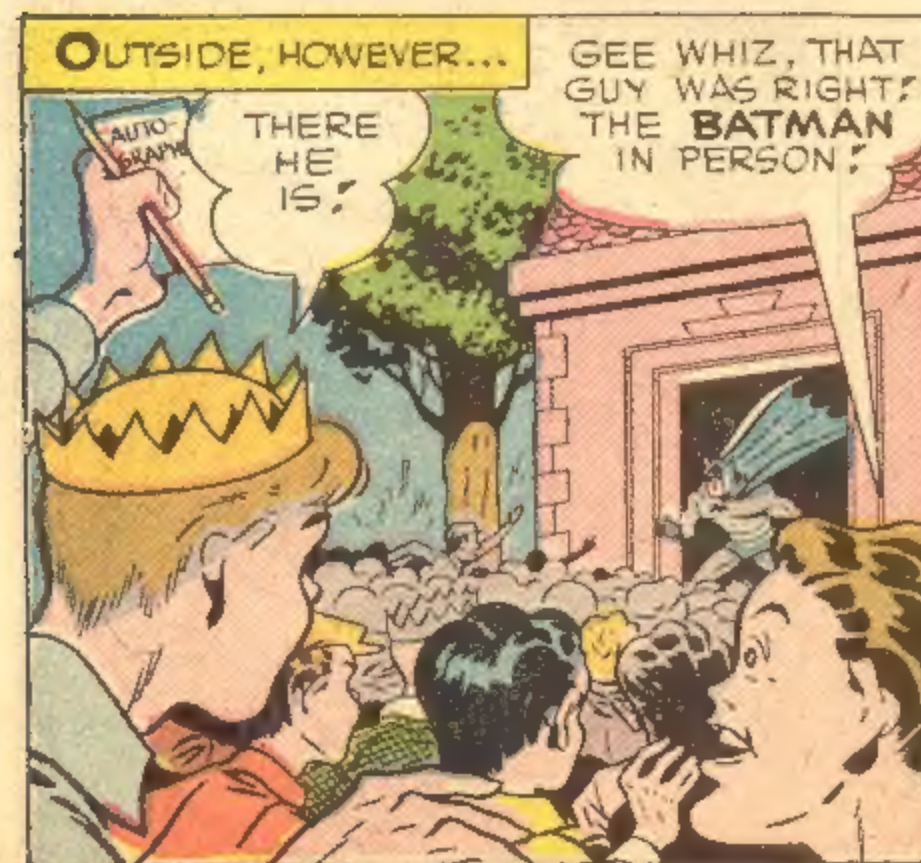
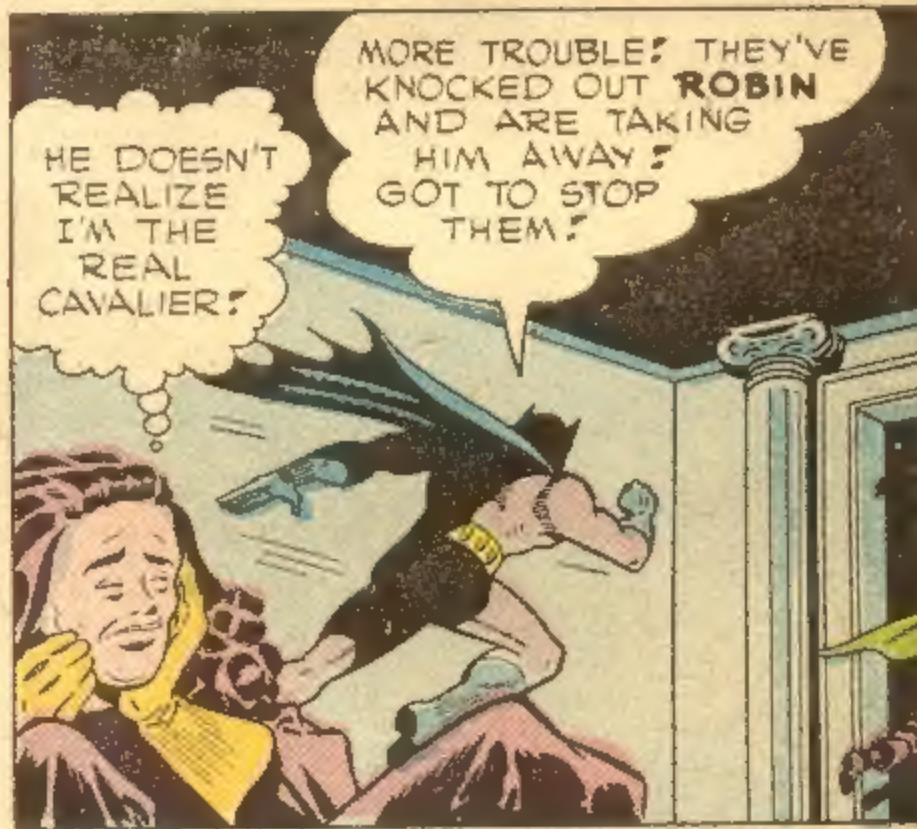
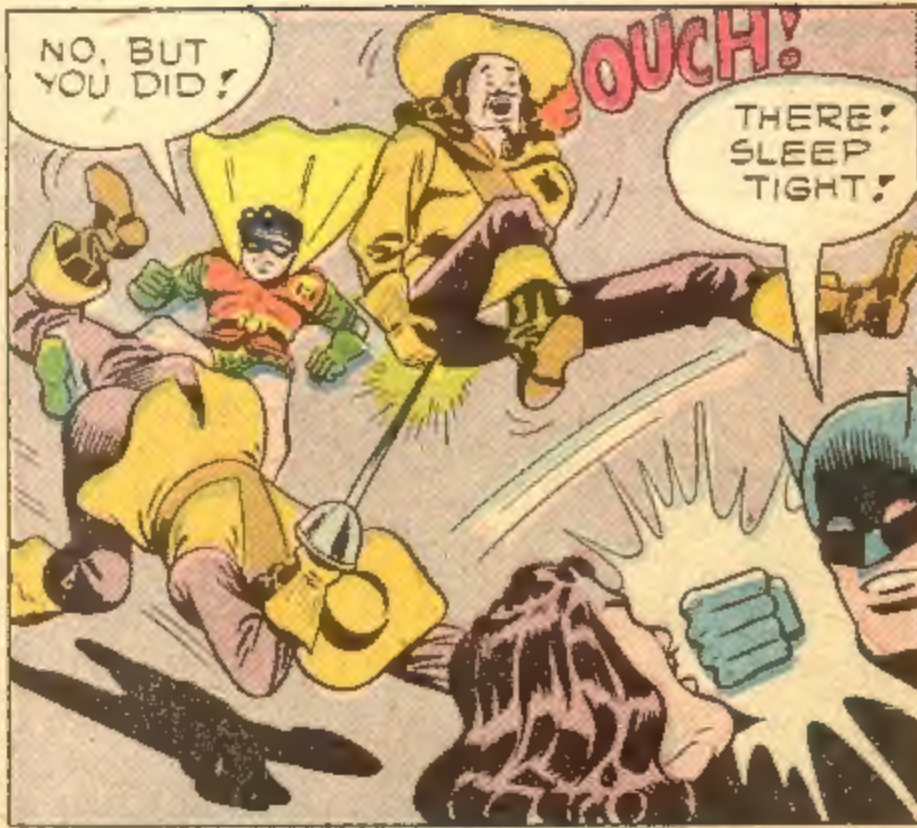
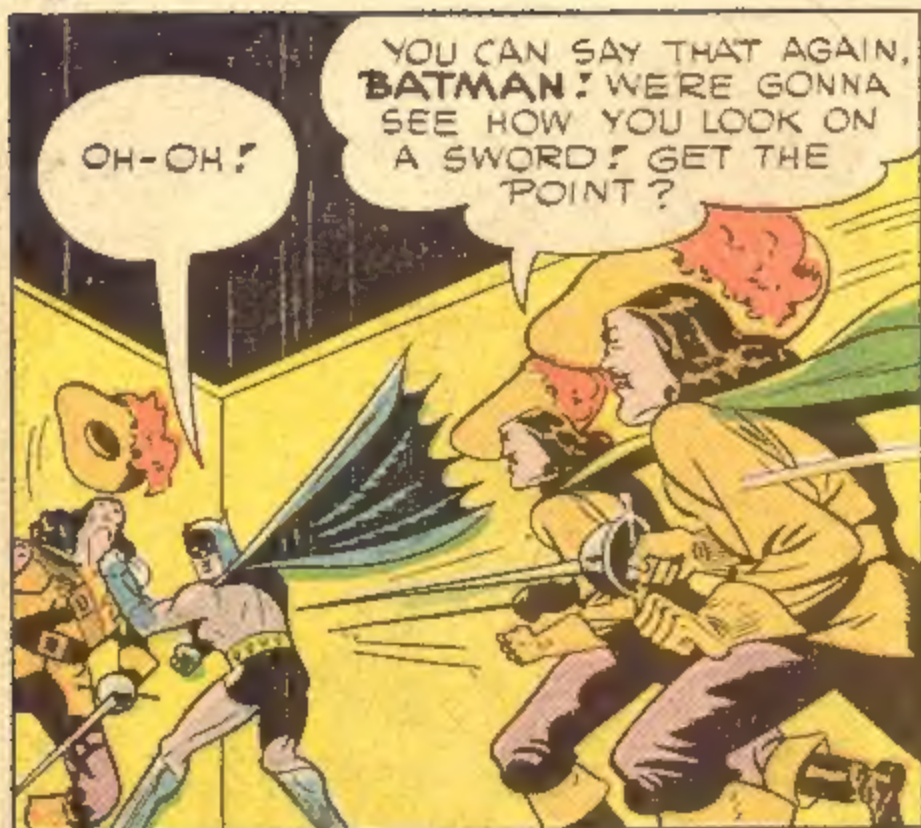


SURE—WE'RE JUST ADDING AN AUTHENTIC TOUCH TO THE MASQUERADE?

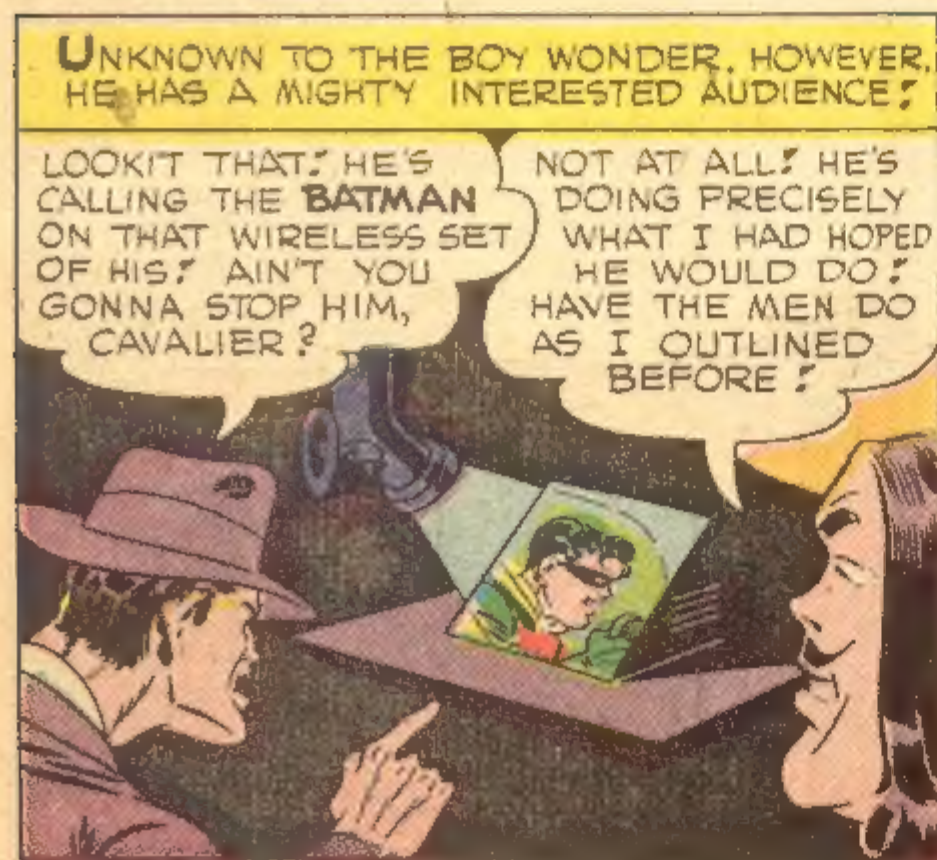
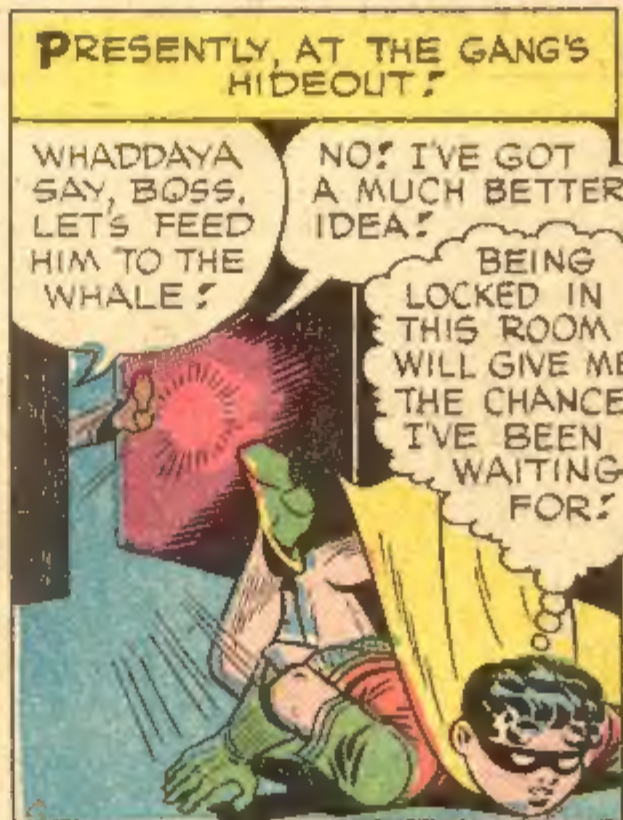
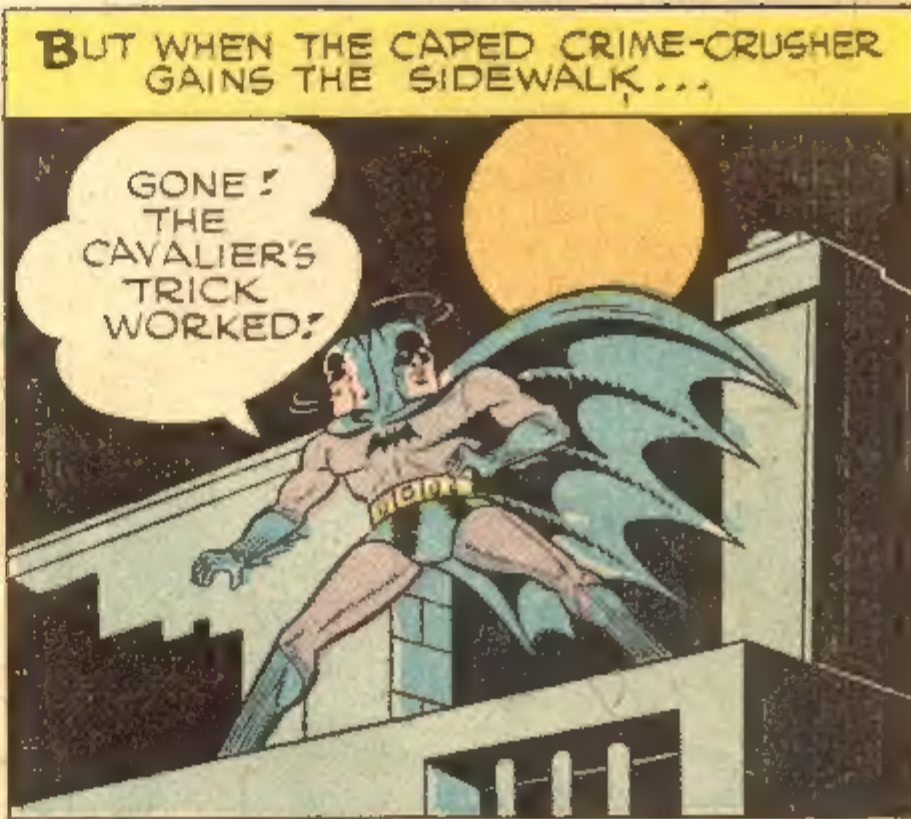
DID I SAY TOUCH? WELL, IT'S AUTHENTIC, ANYHOW?













MINUTES LATER, **ROBIN** IS HAULED FROM HIS MAKESHIFT CELL...

PARBLEU! THIS WILL BE THE END OF A PAIR OF INFERNAL NUISANCES! BEHIND THIS WALL, MY DEAR **ROBIN**, TWO CROSSBOWS STRAIN! IF YOU PULL AT YOUR SHACKLES, ONE STEEL ARROW WILL BE RELEASED, KILLING YOU INSTANTLY!

BOY, AIN'T THIS GREAT?

IF YOU STILL LIVE WHEN **BATMAN** RUNS RECKLESSLY THROUGH THIS PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAM I'VE JUST SET, THE TWO OF YOU WILL DIE TOGETHER! FOR THEN, ONE ARROW WILL WING TOWARD YOU... AND THE OTHER TOWARD YOUR DOOMED COHORT! FAREWELL FOREVER!

HOLY SMOKE! HOW AM I GOING TO GET US OUT OF THIS? I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!



BUT IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE MANTLED MANHUNTER ARRIVES... AT A RECKLESS RUN, AS THE CAVALIER PREDICTED!

HOLD ON **ROBIN**! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!

M-M-M-F-F-F!

HE CAN'T HEAR ME- AND HOW AM I GOING TO WARN HIM? WAIT! THESE SHACKLES WERE JUST DRIVEN INTO THE WALL! MAYBE THIS'LL WORK..



ELECTRIC-SWIFT, THE BOY WONDER ACTS...

IT'S DOING THE TRICK! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS DIP MY FINGER IN THE LOOSE PLASTER DUST OF THE HOLE WHERE THE SHACKLE WAS DRIVEN... AND THEN WRITE ON THE WALL!

WHAT-? OHO, THE CAVALIER WAS UP TO HIS USUAL GAME AGAIN! GOOD OLD **ROBIN**, FIGURING A WAY TO WARN ME IN TIME!



NOW WHAT-? WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE AN ELECTRIC EYE!



A PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAM, EH? WELL, THIS FLASHLIGHT FROM MY UTILITY BELT WILL KEEP THE CIRCUIT FROM BEING BROKEN WHILE I WALK AROUND IT AND THROUGH THE REAL BEAM! THEN WHATEVER WAS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN - CAN'T!





AS STEEL-TIPPED DEATH LURKS IN WAIT, THE **BATMAN** WORKS SWIFTLY AND SURELY...

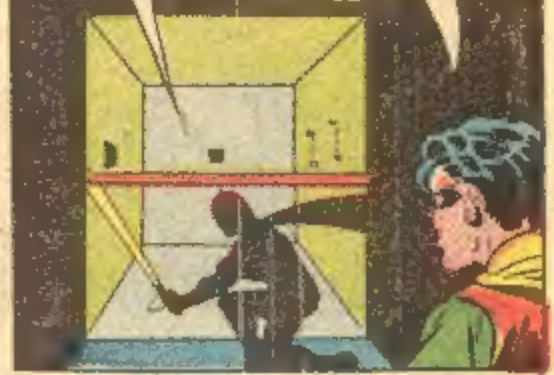


AND A MOMENT LATER...

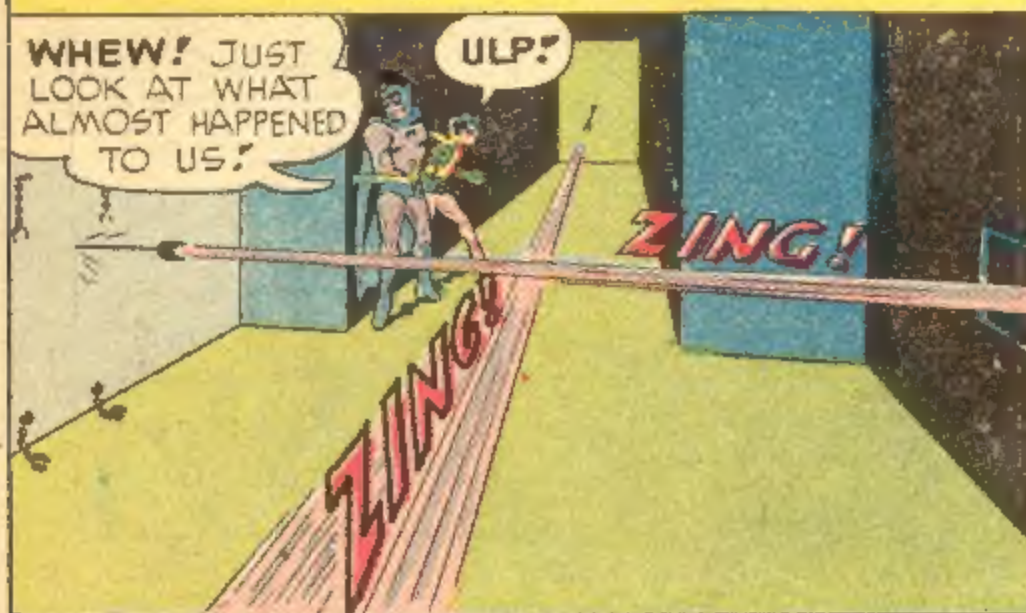
SO INSTEAD OF FEEDING ME TO A WHALE, AS ONE OF THE GANGSTERS SUGGESTED, THE CAVALIER THOUGHT UP THIS NEAT LITTLE TRICK OF THE WEEK!



THEY MUST INTEND TO ROB THE CITY WHALING MUSEUM, WHERE THE FIRST WHALE EVER CAPTURED ALIVE IS BEING EXHIBITED AT FIFTY CENTS A HEAD TO TREMENDOUS CROWDS! THAT DOESN'T SOUND MUCH LIKE THE CAVALIER! HE MUST HAVE ANOTHER ANGLE!



BEFORE LEAVING, **BATMAN** DELIBERATELY BREAKS THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAM FOR A BRIEF INSTANT...



AT THAT MOMENT, A STRANGE SIGHT IS TO BE SEEN IN THE CITY WHALING MUSEUM...



IMAGINE THAT- PUTTIN' HARPOONS IN A CASE AND CHARGIN' FOLKS MONEY TO LOOK AT 'EM!

HA, HA! YOU'D THINK THEY WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE HOW THEY MAKE A LIVING EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR! BUT I GUESS EVERYBODY LIKES TO TAKE A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY!



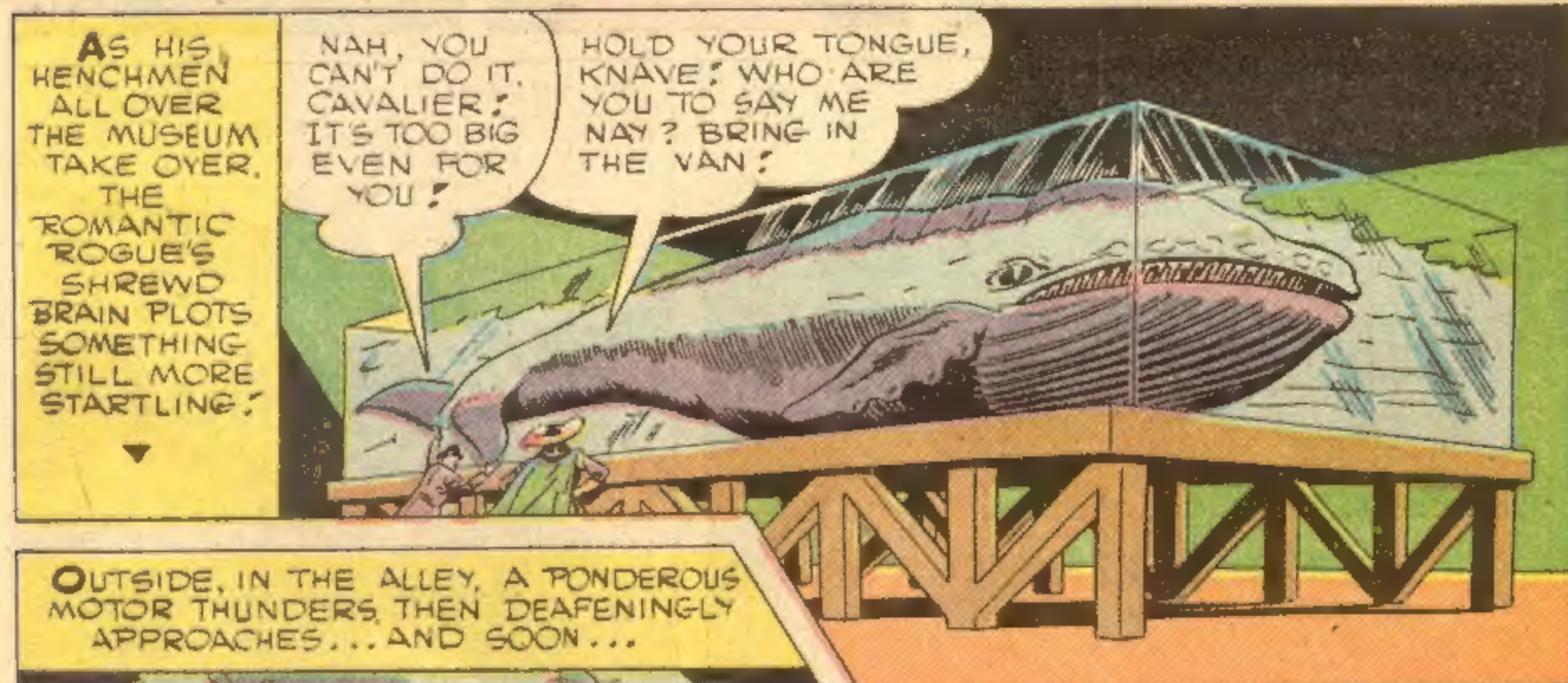
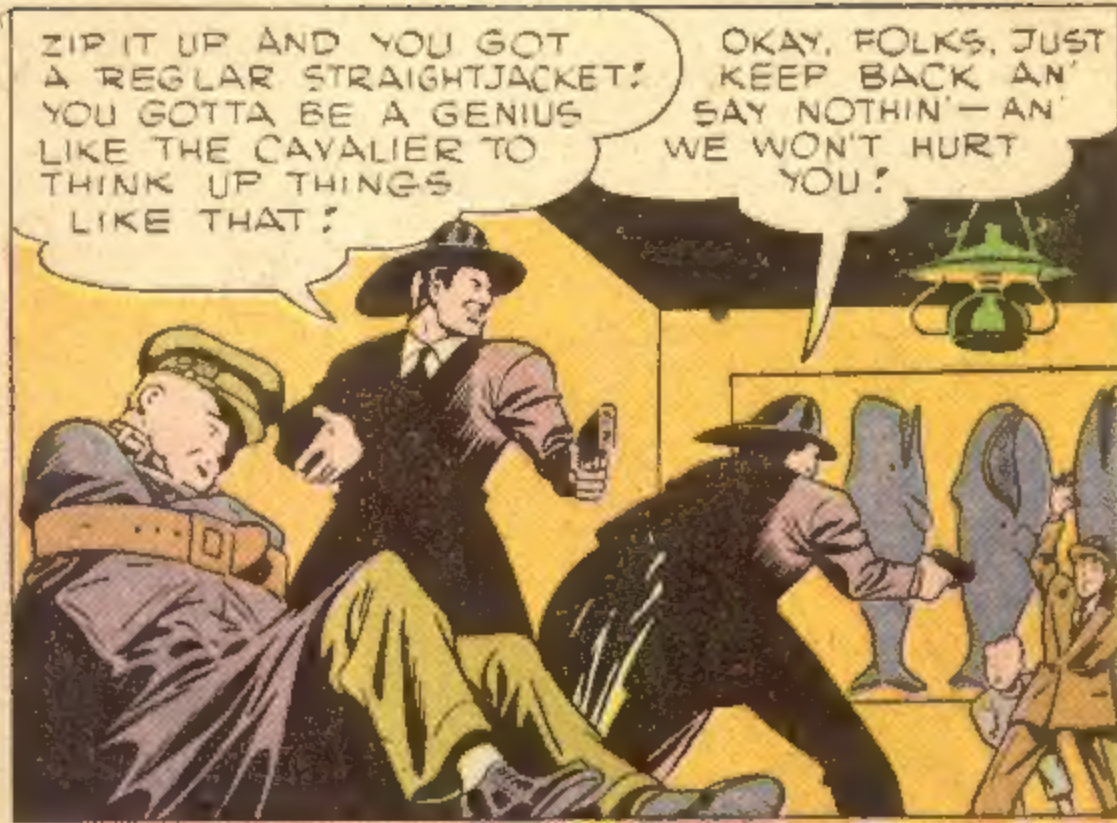
SUDDENLY...

AIN'T THE CAVALIER A CARD-THINKIN' UP THIS WAY OF GETTIN' CLOSE TO THE GUARDS WITHOUT THEM GETTIN' SUSPICIOUS!

YEAH! THIS IDEAS A BEAUT!



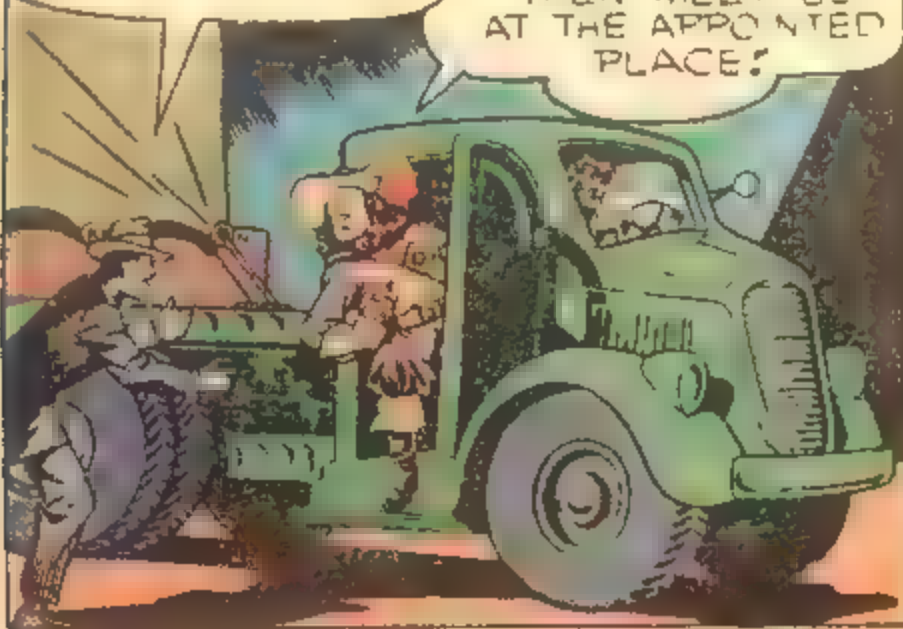






THE TANKS COVERED WITH A TARPULIN, CAVALIER, AND YOU'RE ALL SET TO GO!

TRES BON! YOU AND THE OTHERS NOW MAY SACK THE TILL, AND THEN MEET US AT THE APPOINTED PLACE!



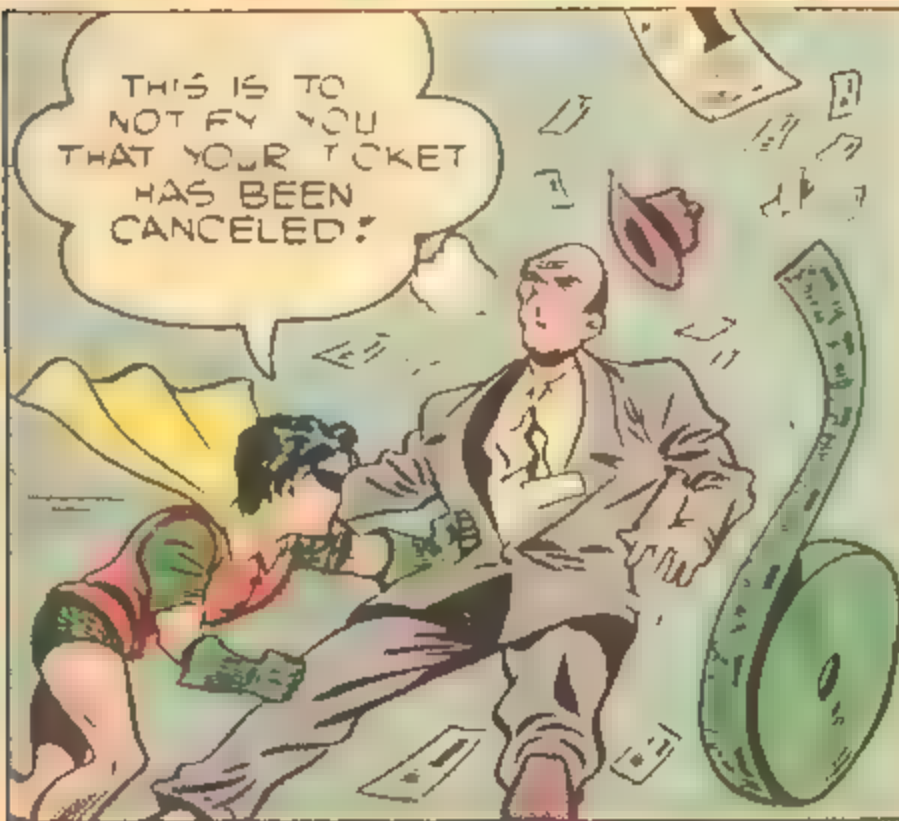
BUT SHORTLY AFTER THE ENORMOUS VEHICLE WITH ITS TITANIC LOOT RUMBLES OFF... TWO METEORS EXPLODE INTO ACTION!

BATMAN AND ROBIN? I THOUGHT WE GOT RID OF YOU GUYS FOR GOOD!

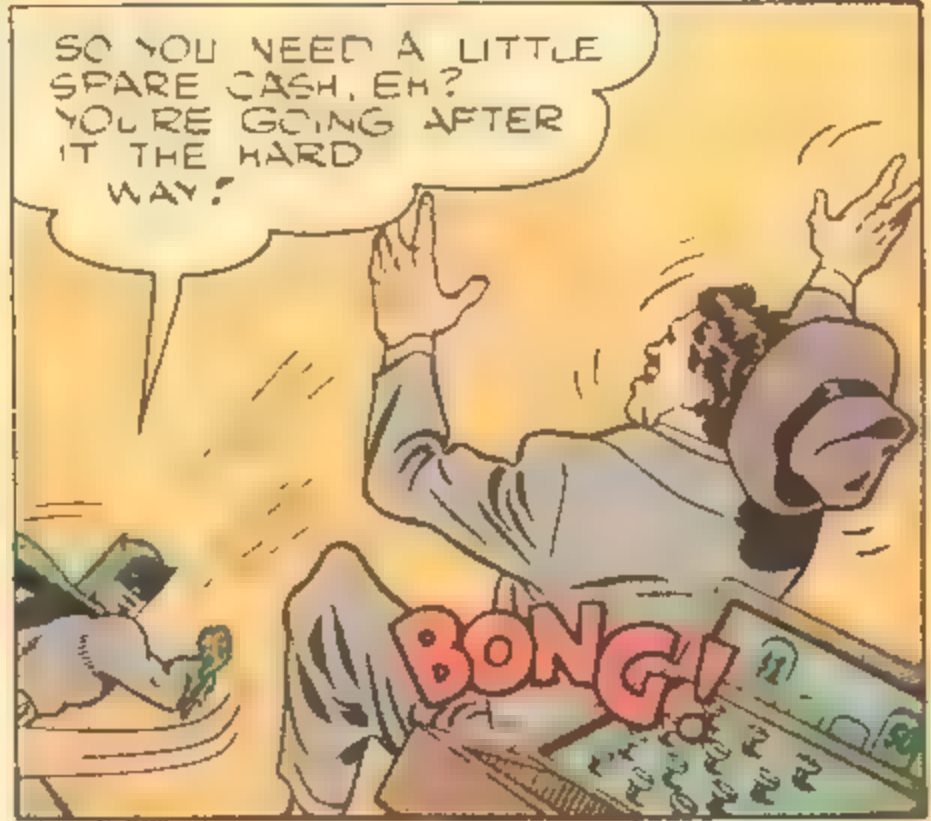
WE COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF PARTING WITH YOU-YET!



THIS IS TO NOTIFY YOU THAT YOUR TICKET HAS BEEN CANCELED!



SO YOU NEED A LITTLE SPARE CASH, EH? YOU'RE GOING AFTER IT THE HARD WAY!

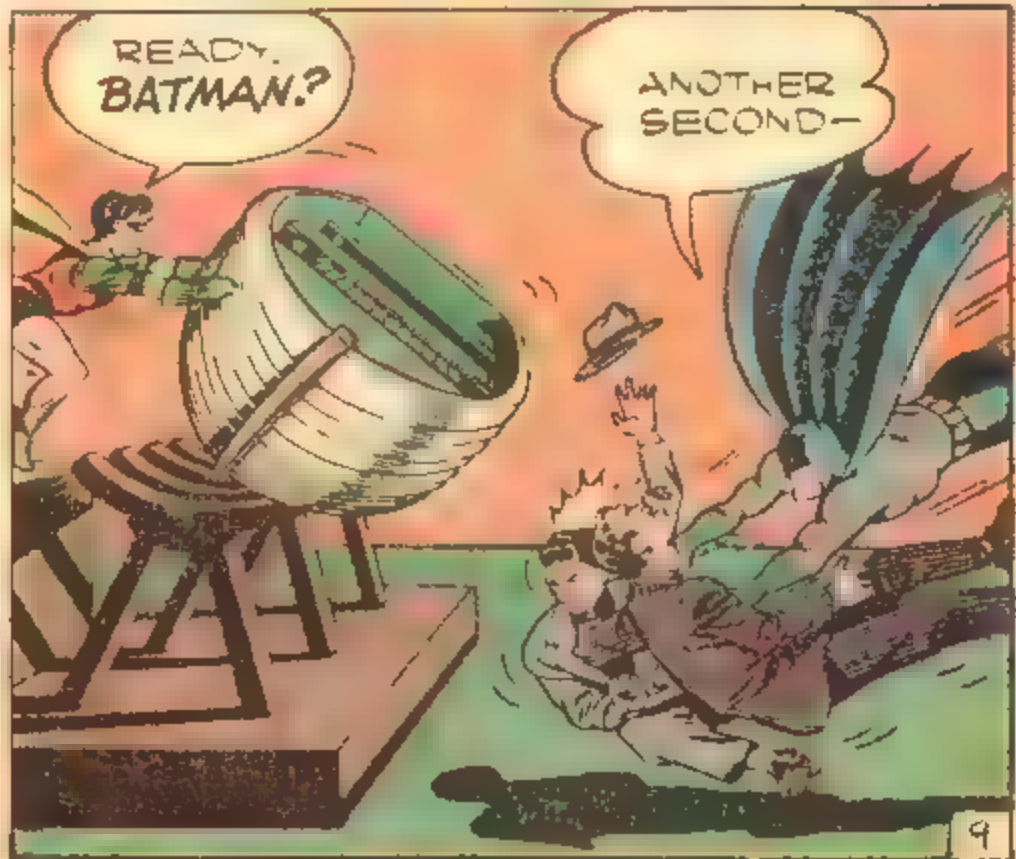


THROUGH THE MUSEUM SCURRY THE DESPERATE DESPERADOES... FRANTICALLY SEEKING TO LOSE A TORNADO TEAM THAT REFUSES TO BE SHAKEN!

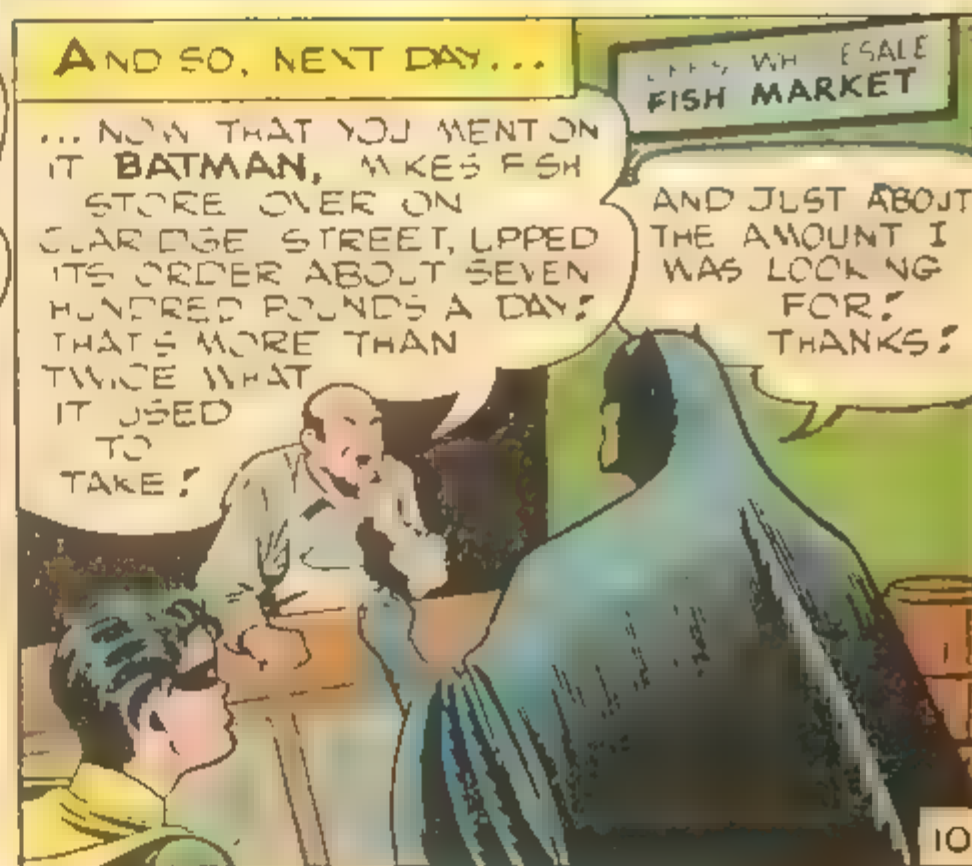
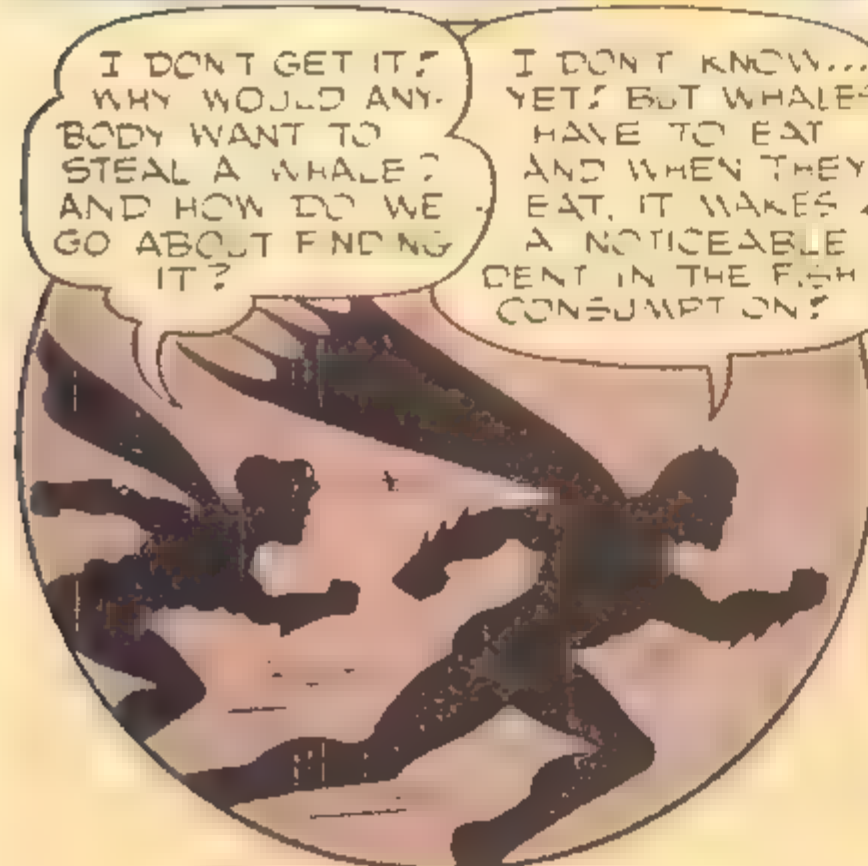
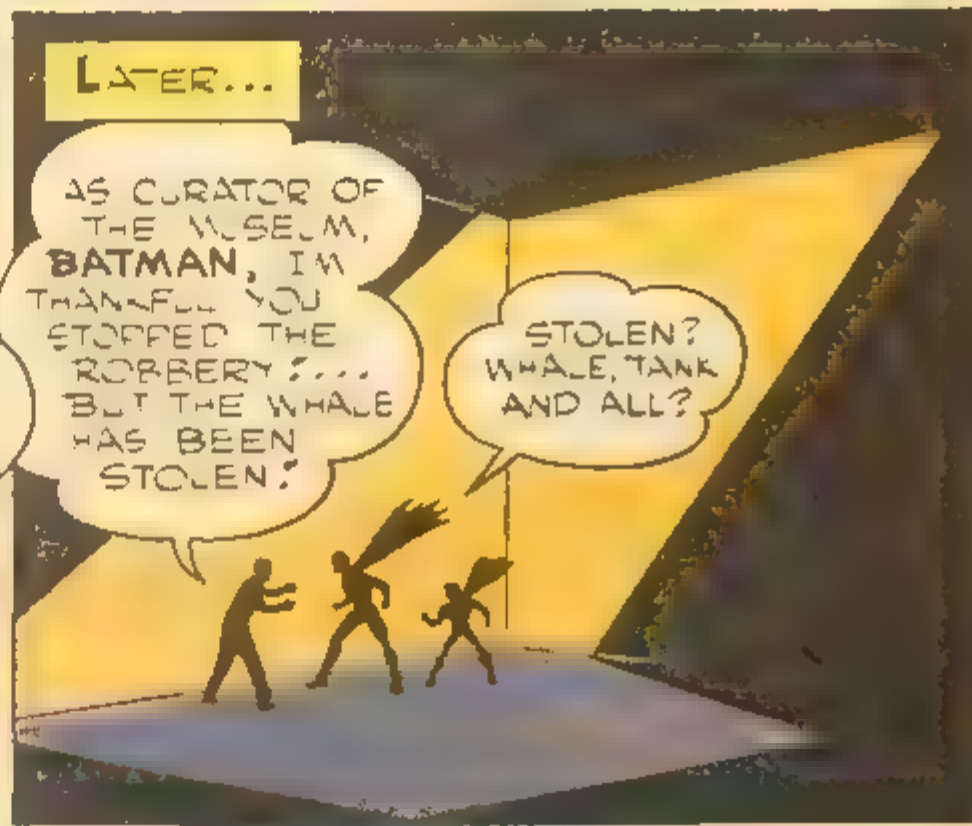
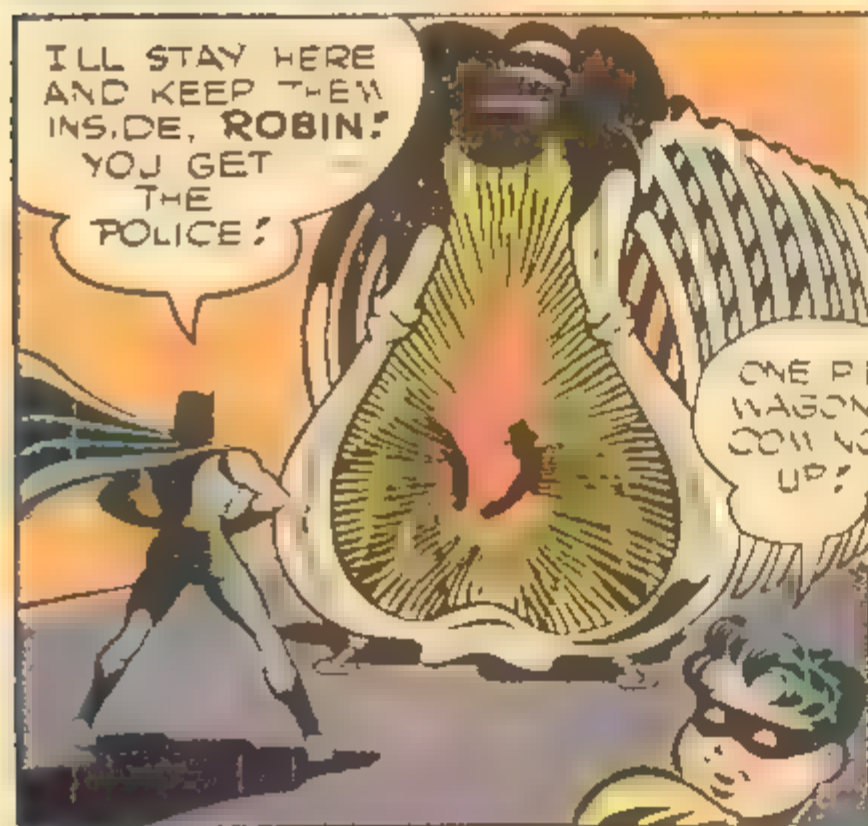
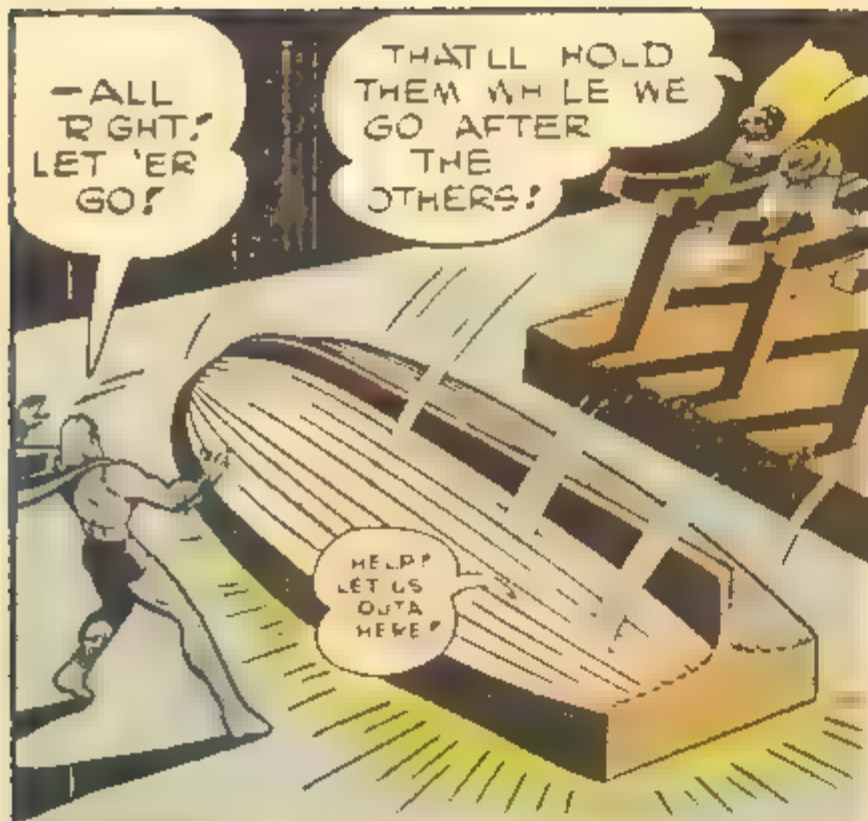


READY, BATMAN?

ANOTHER SECOND—









## AT MRS. FISH STORE...

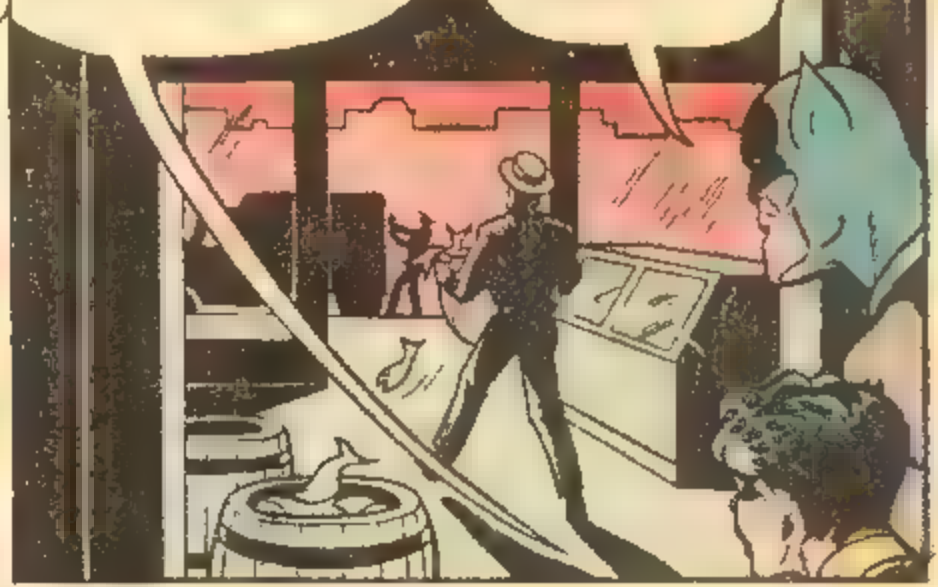
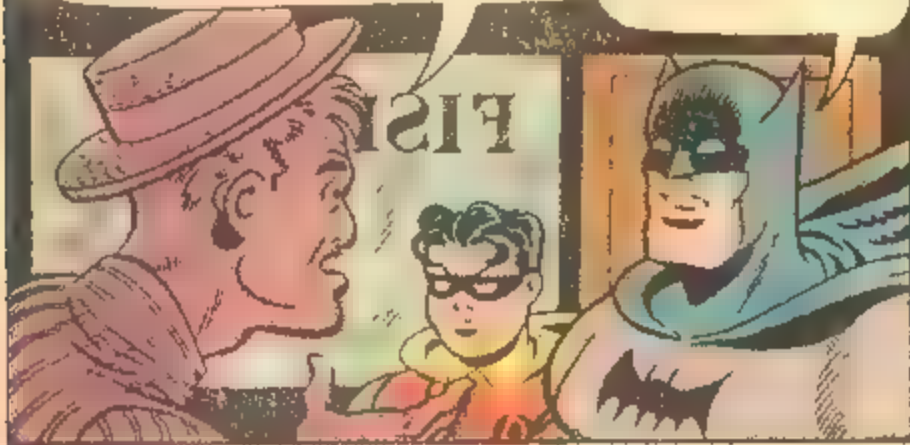
I-I DIDN'T THINK I'D GET ME INTO TROUBLE WITH YOU, **BATMAN!** THIS FELLOW COMES IN A TRUCK, PICKS UP THE WHOLE LOAD AND PAYS ME CASH! HE OUGHT TO BE HERE AGAIN ANY MINUTE!

MIND IF WE WAIT IN YOUR BACK ROOM? AND DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO HIM ABOUT US!

## PRESENTLY...

YOU SURE YOU'RE RIGHT? HE COULD BE A FREE-LANCE FISH PEDDLER!

BUYING HIS STOCK IN A RETAIL STORE? NOT MUCH CHANCE! ANYHOW, WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH!



## AS THE LOADED TRUCK LUMBERS AWAY...

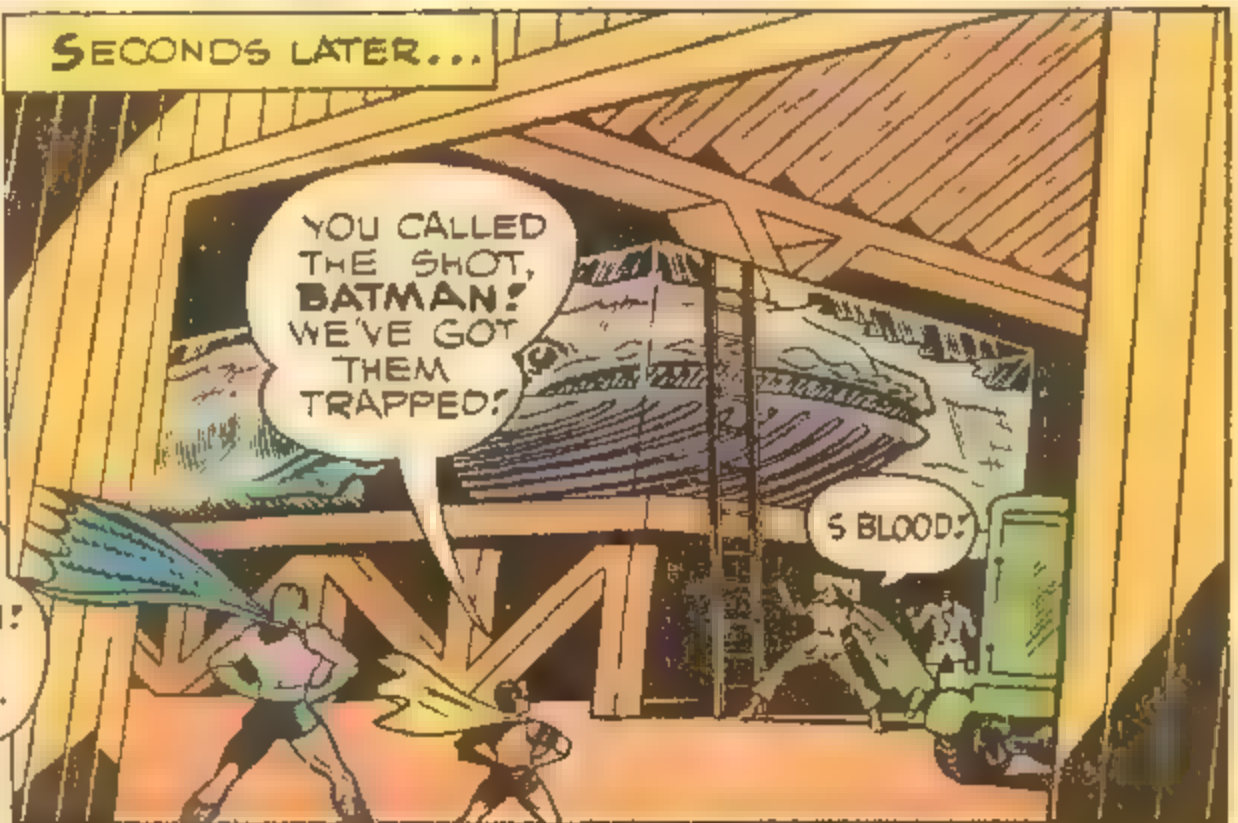
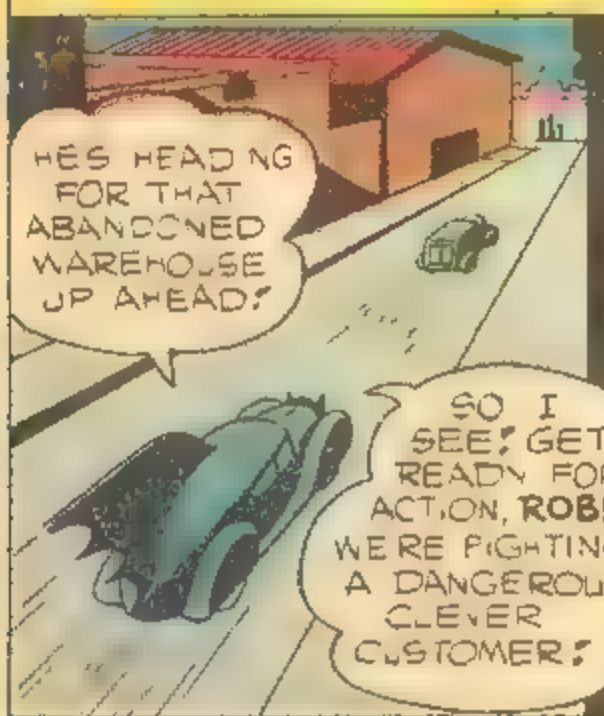
HE'S HEADING FOR THAT ABANDONED WAREHOUSE UP AHEAD!

SO I SEE! GET READY FOR ACTION, **ROBIN!** WE'RE FIGHTING A DANGEROUS, CLEVER CUSTOMER!

## SECONDS LATER...

YOU CALLED THE SHOT, **BATMAN!** WE'VE GOT THEM TRAPPED!

S BLOOD!

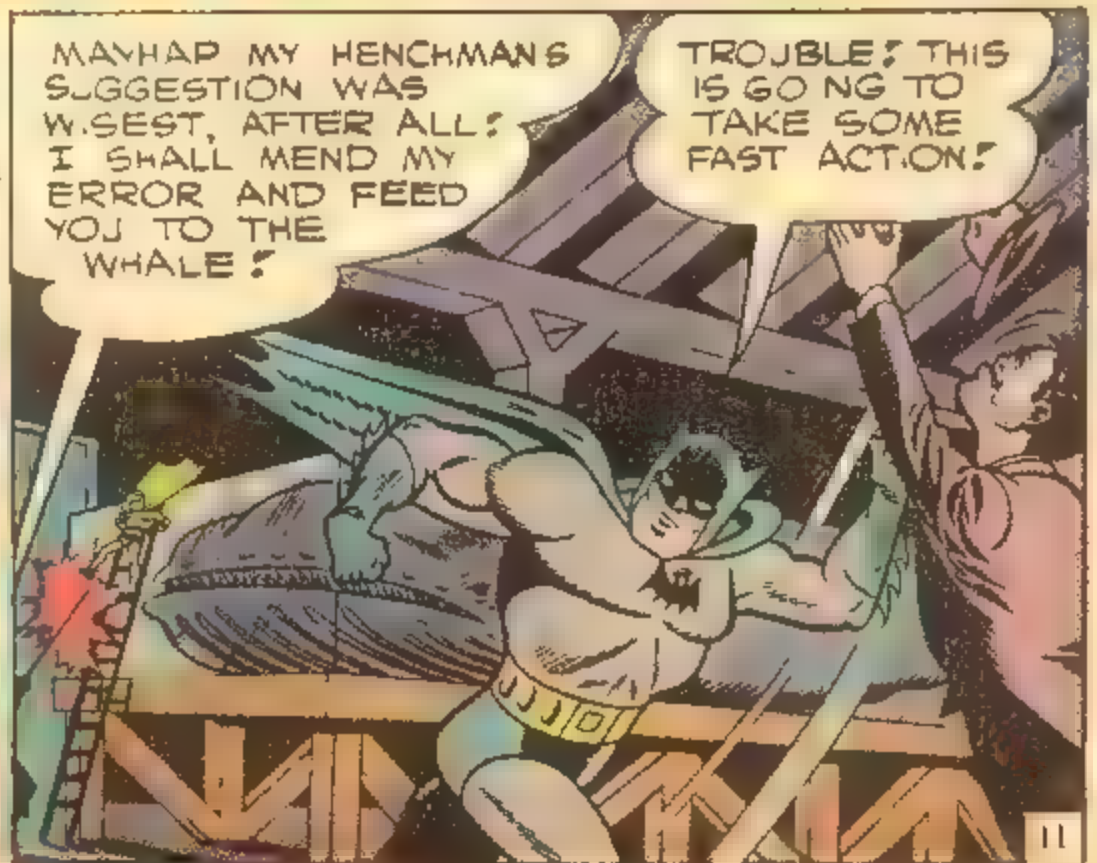
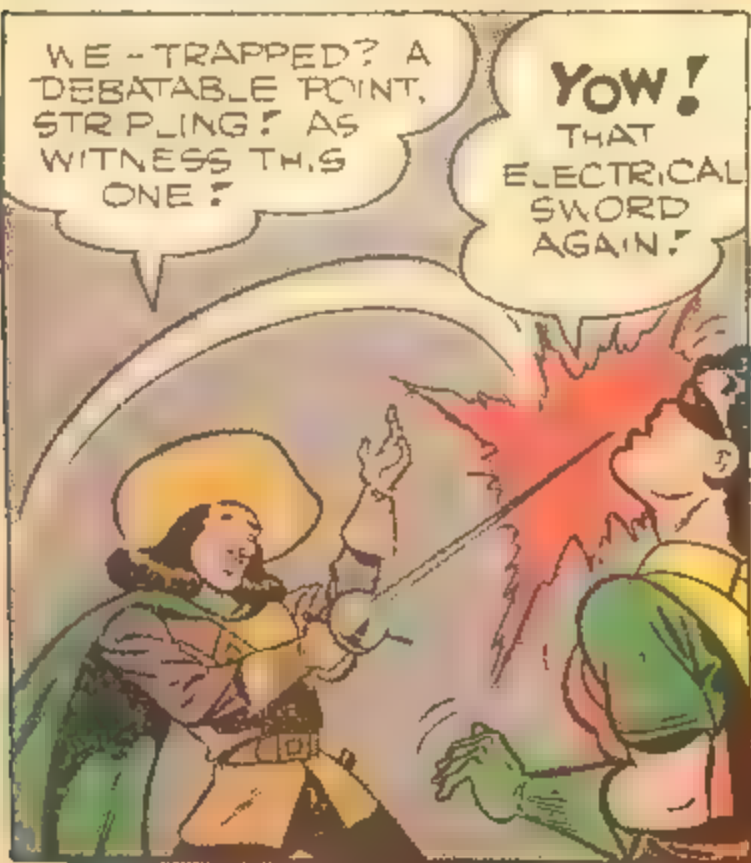


WE-TRAPPED? A DEBATABLE POINT, STRIPLING! AS WITNESS THIS ONE!

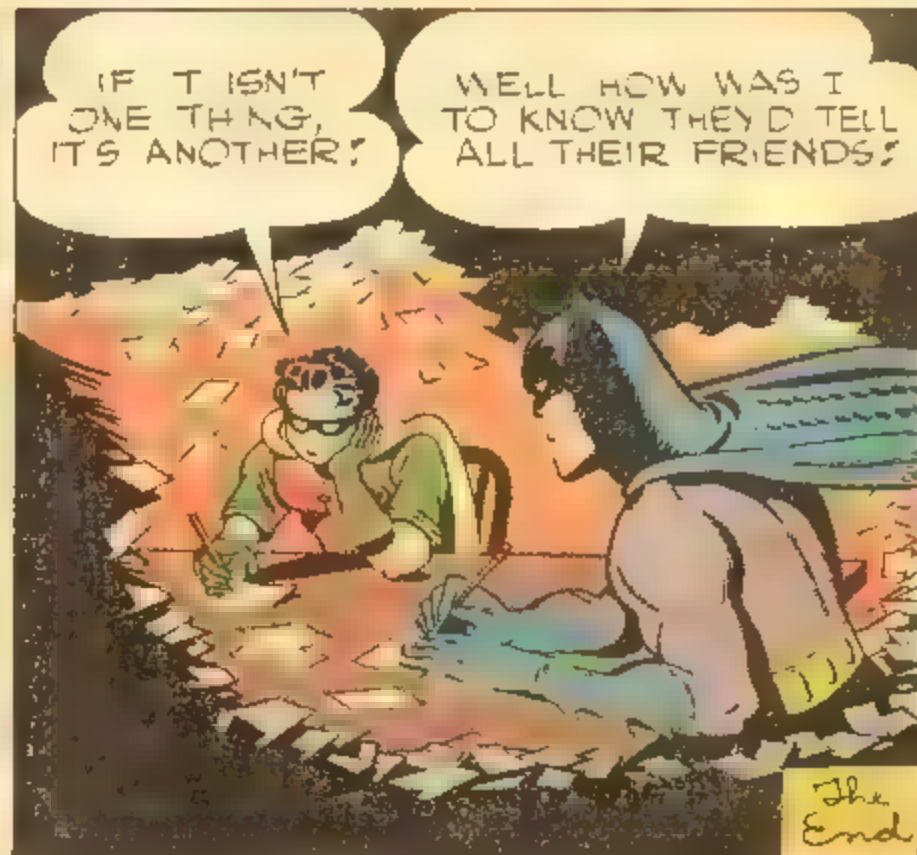
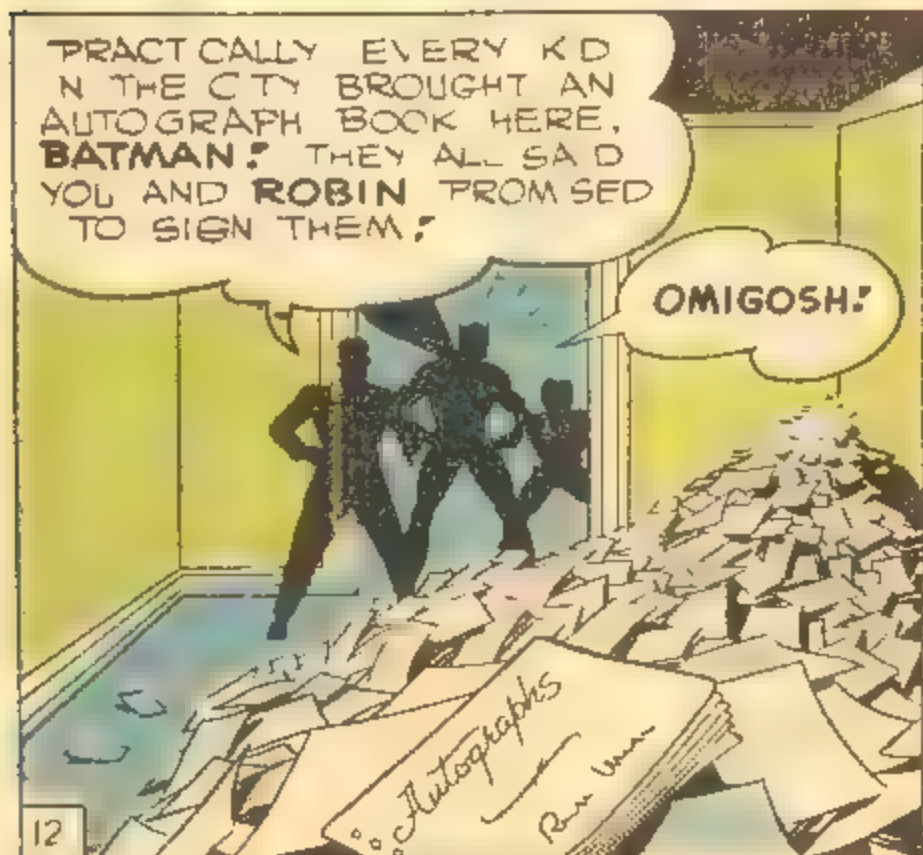
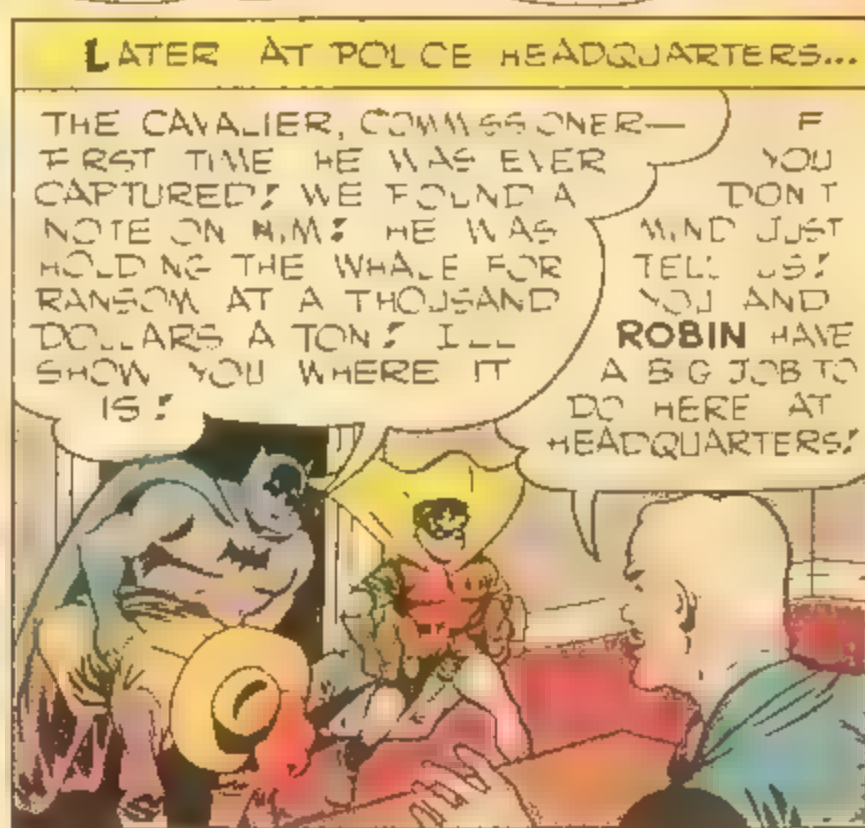
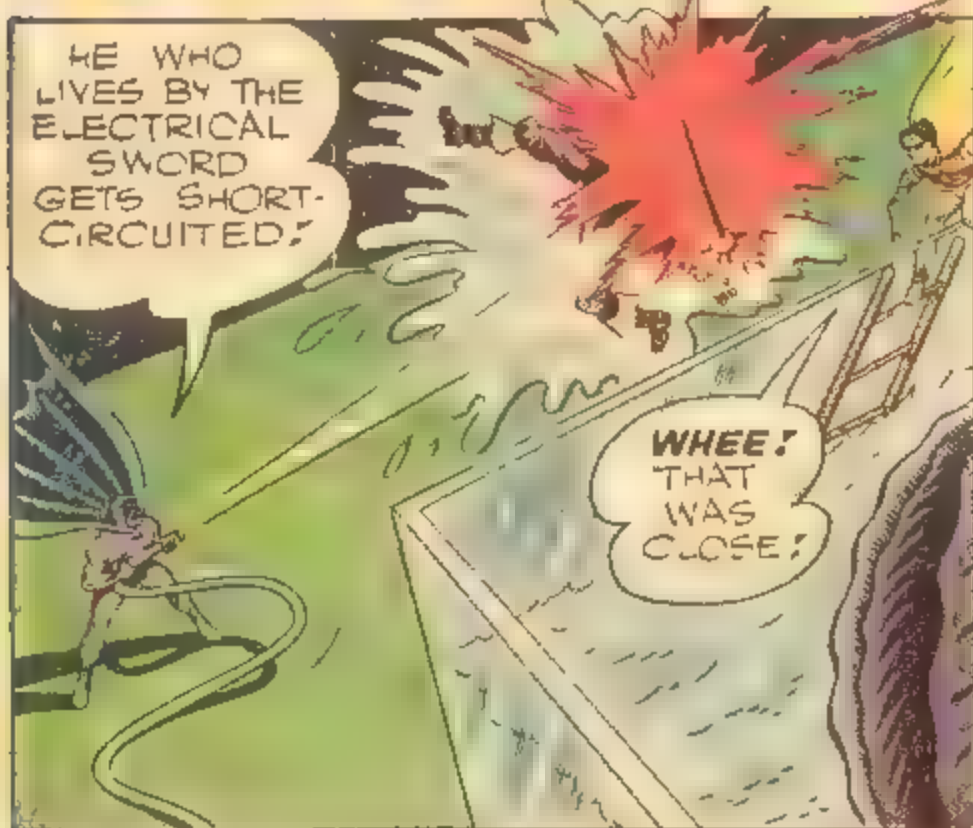
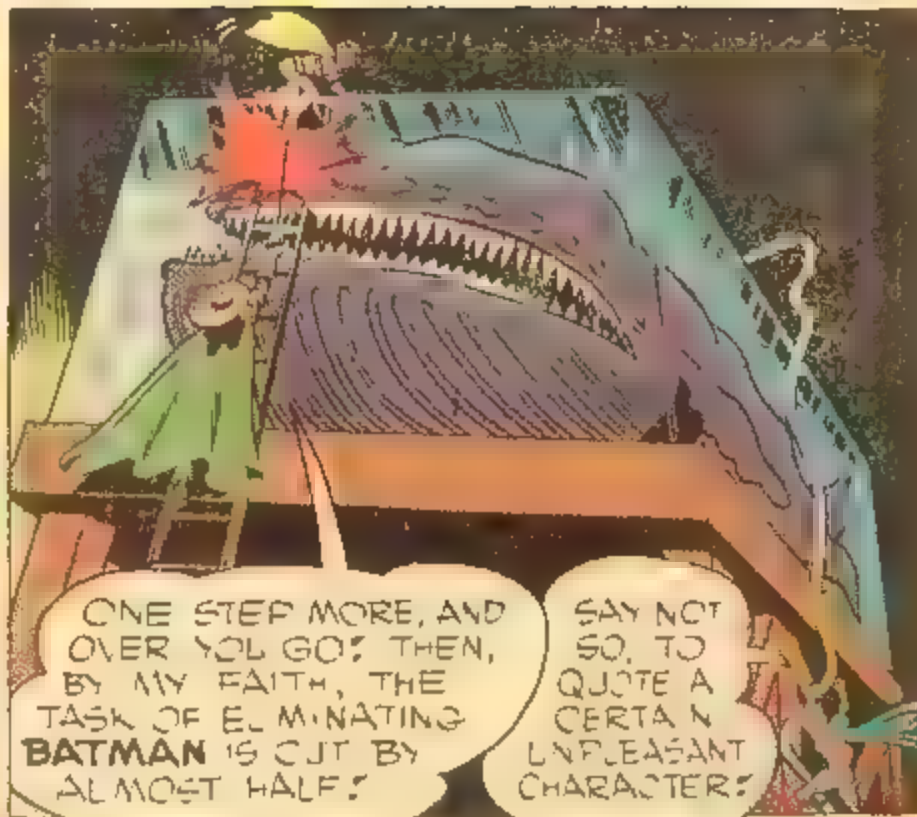
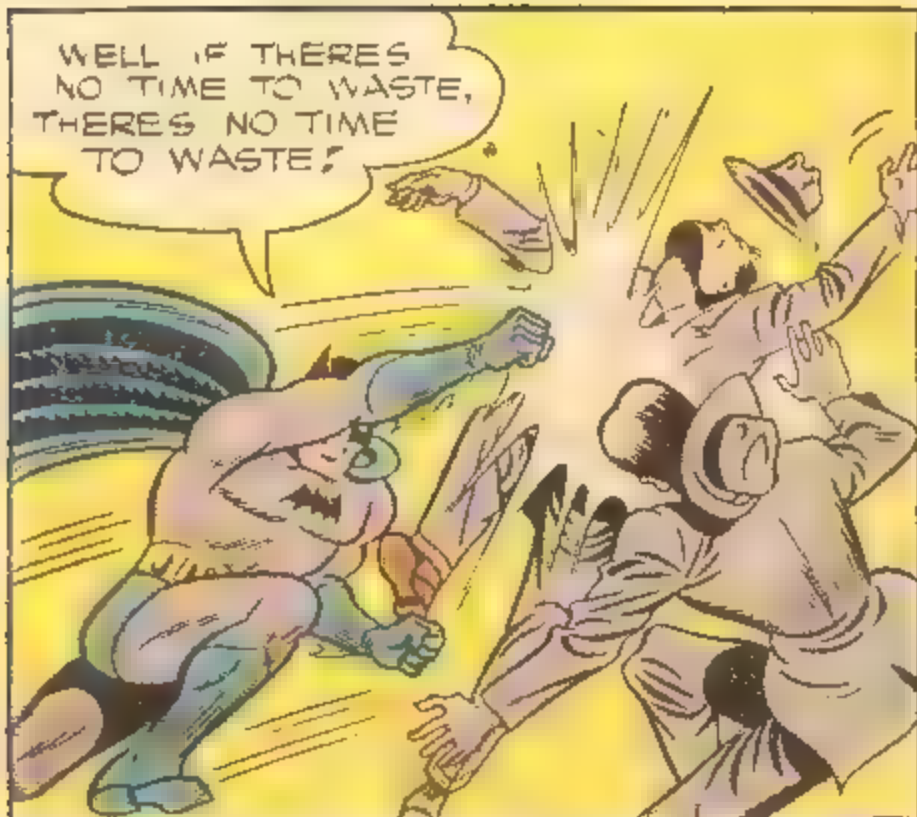
**YOW!** THAT ELECTRICAL SWORD AGAIN!

MAYHAP MY HENCHMAN'S SUGGESTION WAS WISEST, AFTER ALL! I SHALL MEND MY ERROR AND FEED YOU TO THE WHALE!

TROUBLE! THIS IS GOING TO TAKE SOME FAST ACTION!









# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

## CAPTURING THE COUNTERFEITERS

HEY QUICKIE LET'S GO IN THE STORE A MINUTE I WANT TO GET SOME POSTCARDS

OK "R.C." I WANT SOMETHING TOO

ROYAL CROWN COLA

IM SORRY SIR BUT I HAVE NO PRINTING INK IN THAT PARTICULAR COLOR MUST IT BE EXACTLY THAT SHADE?

NOT NEARLY BUT

HMMM— THATS FUNNY—I WONDER

HEY WHERE ARE YOU GOING? HOUGHT YOU WANTED SOME POSTCARDS I WANT A ROYAL CROWN COLA

WE'LL GET BOTH LATER RIGHT NOW I WANT THAT TOUGH LOOKING CUSTOMER STICK WITH ME QUICKIE

AH-HM LETS SEE WHAT HES UP TO

JUST AS I THOUGHT— COME ON QUICKIE WE'LL TAKE THIS GUY OVER

YOU GET ME INTO MORE TROUBLE

HEEL TO YOU, YOU HEEL! GRAB THAT OTHER BIRD QUICKIE!

GOTTUM

SAY R.C. HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT BIRD WAS A COUNTERFEITER?

WELL, HE LOOKED PRETTY SHifty, AND THE SHADE OF GREEN INK HE WANTED EXACTLY MATCHED THE GREEN INK ON MY DOLLAR BILL—SO I HAD A HUNCH LETS GO—I OWE YOU A TREAT!

THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA SURE IS A TREAT "R.C."

THAT'S RIGHT QUICKIE THERE'S NOTHING COUNTERFEIT ABOUT THIS IT'S THE BEST-TASTING COLA THERE IS BY ACTUAL TASTE TEST

AT THE CANTEEN

COWBOY "WILD BILL" ELLIOTT SAYS

THAT'S A FACT! IT DOES TASTE BEST!

The world's best quirk up! That's what screen star Wild Bill Elliott calls this delicious Royal Crown Cola. He thinks the famous cola taste best after a long riding day. He never gives up the classic Royal Crown Cola as the best thing to drink after a long day. He says, "I love it!"

See "Wild Bill" Elliott in Republic's Red Ryan Pictures

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by Taste Test!

COCA 2 HALL MARKETS 5¢



# The Adventures of ALFRED

"RECIPE FOR REVENGE!"



LOOK AT YOU, MAWSTER BRUCE! AND YOU TOO, MAWSTER DICK! CHASING ABOUT DAY AND NIGHT, AND NOT A DECENT HOME-COOKED MEAL IN A WEEK! IT'S POSITIVELY UNHEALTHY!

BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE BEEN BUSY, ALFRED...

QUITE SO! BUT TONIGHT SHALL BE DEDICATED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE--AH--INGURGITATION OF VITAMINS! IN SHORT, SIR, I PROPOSE A GALA DINNER TO COMPENSATE FOR A LEAN WEEK!

BOY! WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN ONE OF YOUR FANCY FEEDS!

GOOD! I SHALL GO AT ONCE TO A CERTAIN DOWNTOWN MARKET AND PURCHASE VARIOUS RARE INGREDIENTS UNOBTAINABLE AT THE LOCAL SHOPS!

AND DON'T SPARE THE SPICES, ALFRED!

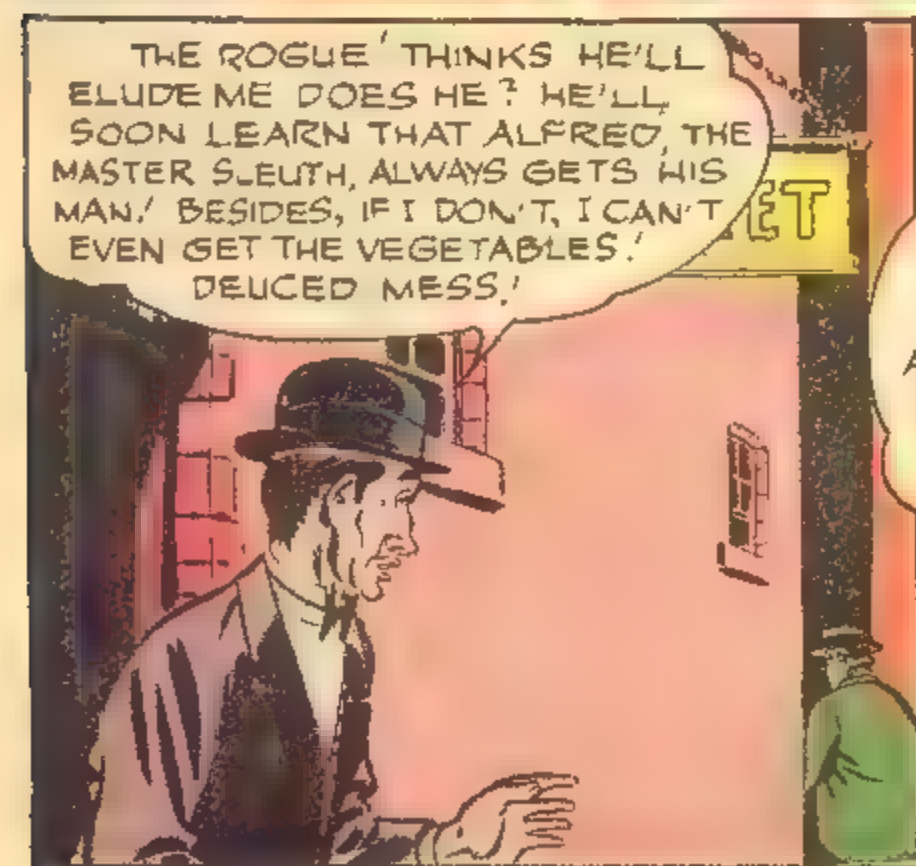
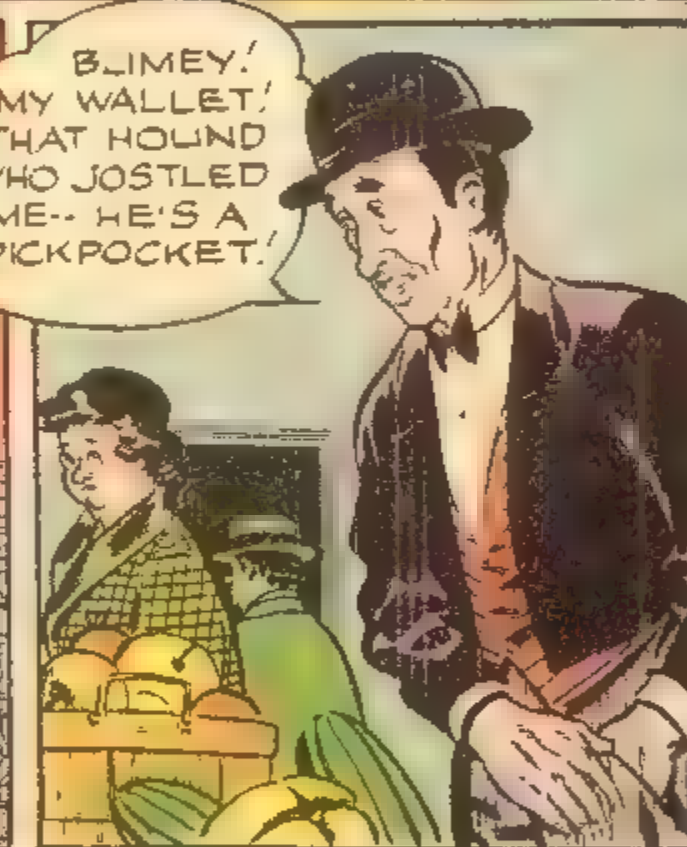
... AND UPON MY RETURN, YOU SHALL SAVOR MY GENIUS IN THE ART OF COOKING AS YOU HAVE NEVER SAVORED IT BEFORE!

IF YOUR WORD-SLINGING CAN BE TAKEN AS A SAMPLE OF TO-NIGHT'S HASH-SLINGING IT'LL BE SOMETHING!

AFTER THE WAY WE'VE EATEN THIS WEEK, THAT DINNER REALLY SOUNDS WONDERFUL!

MY MOUTH'S WATERING ALREADY









CLEVER  
SCOUNDREL!  
BUT I--OOPS--  
BEG PARDON,  
SIR



WHY--DASH  
IT ALL 'I'VE BEEN  
TRICKED. IT'S HE'  
COME BACK  
YOU BOUNDER!



(PUFF)  
APPARENTLY SPEED  
IS NOT--(PUFF) MY FORTE.  
DEDUCTION IS (PUFF) MORE  
SUITED TO MY (PUFF) INTEL-  
LECTUAL NATURE. BUT--I  
SEEM TO BE GAINING



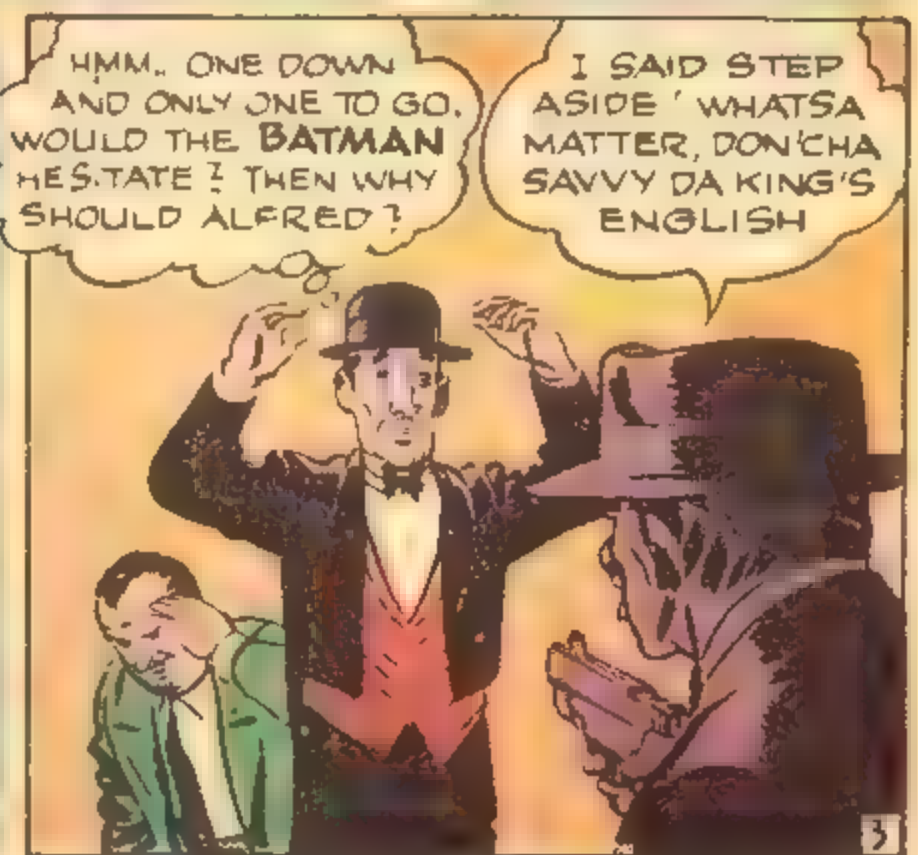
BANG!

HUH?  
SHOTS!



AWRIGHT, YOU  
STEP AWAY FROM  
DAT BOID OR YA  
EAT LEAD

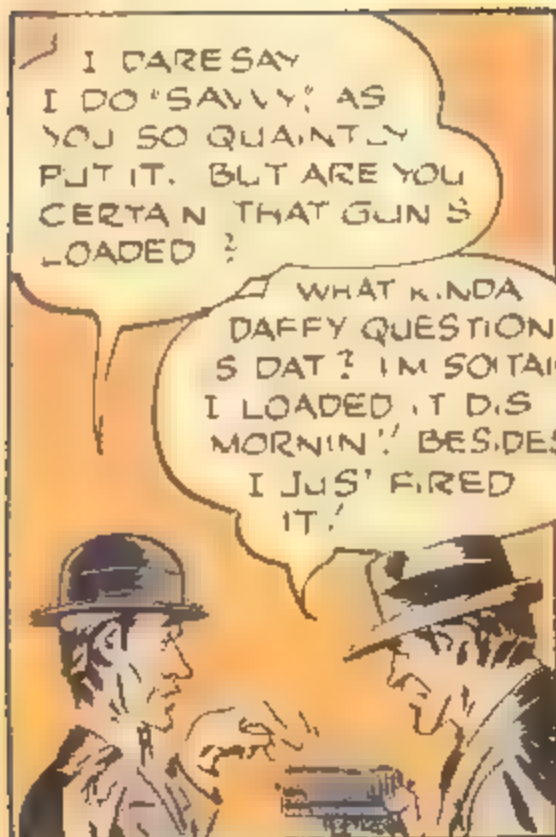
A CONFEDERATE  
I'VE BEEN LURED  
INTO A TRAP



HMM.. ONE DOWN  
AND ONLY ONE TO GO.  
WOULD THE **BATMAN**  
HE'S TATE? THEN WHY  
SHOULD ALFRED?

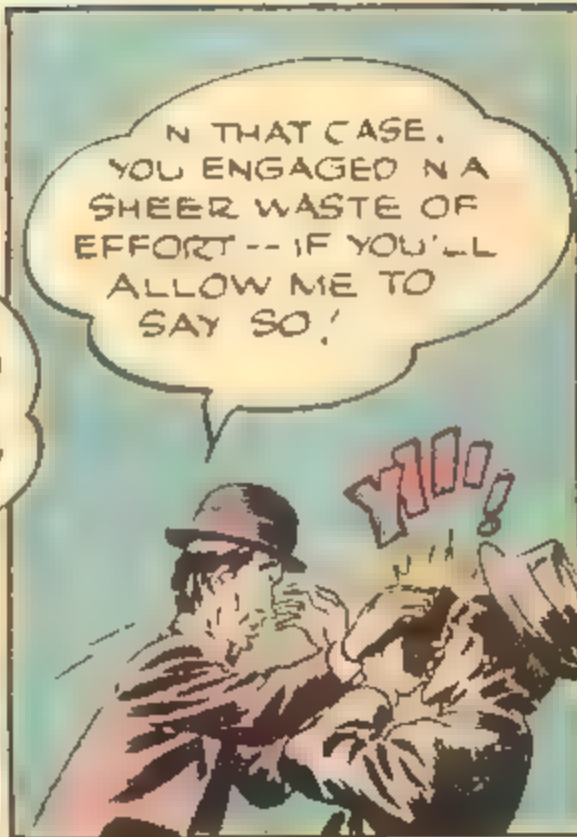
I SAID STEP  
ASIDE ' WHATSA  
MATTER, DON'CHA  
SAVVY DA KING'S  
ENGLISH





I DARE SAY  
I DO 'SAVVY' AS  
YOU SO QUANTLY  
PUT IT. BUT ARE YOU  
CERTAIN THAT GUN'S  
LOADED?

WHAT K.INDA  
DAFFY QUESTION  
S DAT? I'M SO TAIN  
I LOADED IT D.S  
MORNIN'! BESIDES,  
I JU'S FIRED  
IT!



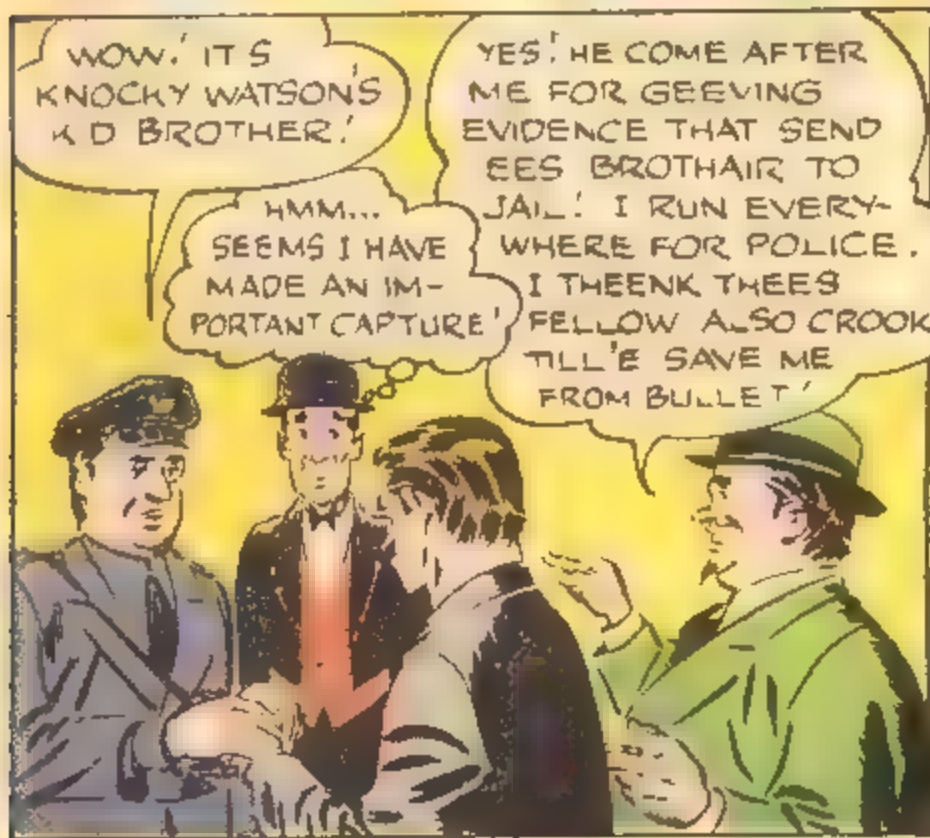
N THAT CASE,  
YOU ENGAGED NA  
SHEER WASTE OF  
EFFORT -- IF YOU'LL  
ALLOW ME TO  
SAY SO!



WHATS  
GOIN' ON  
HERE?

AH POLICE  
EET EES LIKE THEES-  
I TRY TO ESCAPE  
GANGSTER WHO  
TRAIL ME TO AVENGE  
HEES BROTHAIR!  
THEES BRAVE FELLOW  
-- HE SAVE ME!

BUT MY  
WALLET--  
OH DEAR!



WOW! IT'S  
KNOCKY WATSON'S  
& D BROTHER!

HMM...  
SEEMS I HAVE  
MADE AN IM-  
PORTANT CAPTURE!

YES! HE COME AFTER  
ME FOR GEEVING  
EVIDENCE THAT SEND  
EES BROTHAIR TO  
JAIL! I RUN EVERY-  
WHERE FOR POLICE.  
I THEENK THEES  
FELLOW ALSO CROOK  
TILL'E SAVE ME  
FROM BULLET!

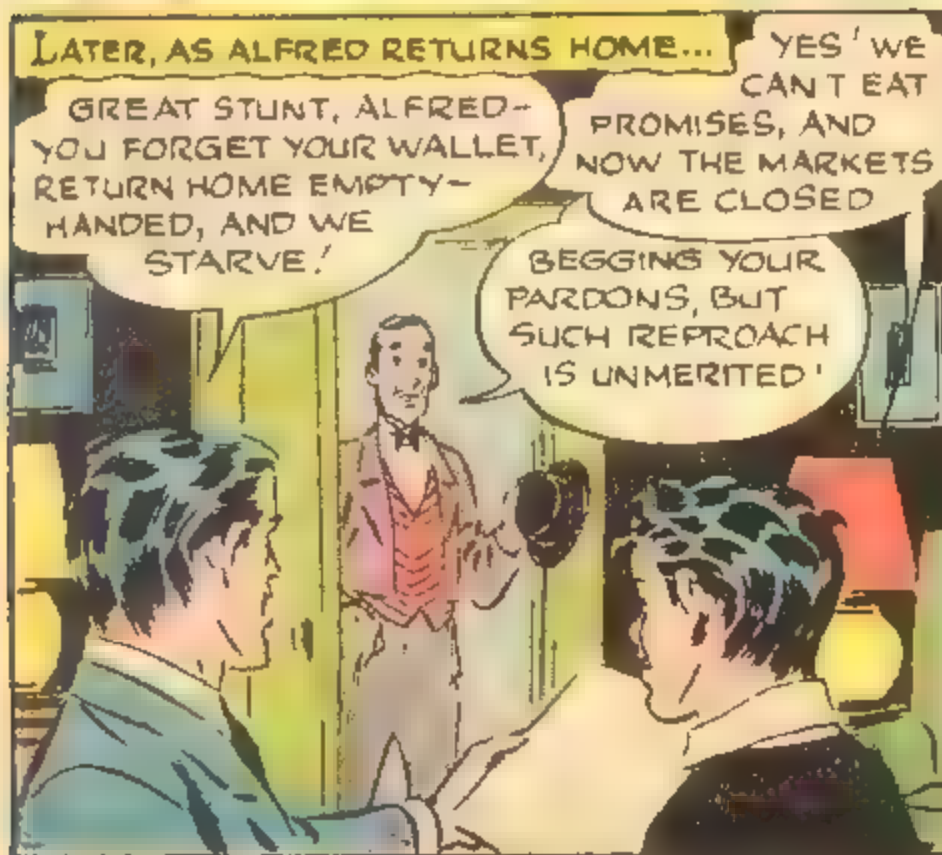


NICE WORK,  
PAL. NERVY  
THING TO  
DO!

I AM OVAIRFLOW  
WEETH GRAT TUDE!  
YOU SAVE MY LIFE!  
YOU ARE GRAN  
ERO!

OH, I SAY,  
IT WAS  
NOTHING!

HMM... HE  
CAN HARDLY BE  
A PICKPOCKET! DID  
I PERHAPS FORGET  
MY WALLET?



LATER, AS ALFRED RETURNS HOME...

GREAT STUNT, ALFRED-  
YOU FORGET YOUR WALLET,  
RETURN HOME EMPTY-  
HANDED, AND WE  
STARVE!

YES! WE  
CAN'T EAT  
PROMISES, AND  
NOW THE MARKETS  
ARE CLOSED

BEGGINS YOUR  
PARDONS, BUT  
SUCH REPROACH  
IS UNMERITED!



MAY I PRESENT MY GOOD  
FRIEND, PIERRE, MASTER-  
CHEF OF THE GOTHAM HOTEL?  
HE ABSOLUTELY INSISTS ON  
SUPPLYING AND PREPARING  
OUR PROJECTED  
DINNER HIMSELF!

FOR MY GOOD  
FRIEND, ALFRED,  
I, PIERRE, COOK  
TONIGHT LIKE  
NEVAIR!  
BEFORE!



# DOUBLE DECKER

HE ALWAYS TALKS EVERYTHING OVER WITH HIMSELF

OH STOP YELLING AT ME 'CONSCIENCE' YOU GIVE ME AN EAR ACHE!



OW-WAH! - THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING - OH BOY WILL EMMY LAY THE LAW DOWN TO ME IF SHE HEARS ME SNEAKIN' IN AT THIS HOUR - PHEW - EE //

THE ONE NO-TRUMP SOCIAL & BEERIN' CLUB



BUT WADAMINUTE! - WADAMINUTE! - JUST EXACTLY WHAT AM I ANYWAY, A MAN OR MOUSE? - A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE AINT IT? - HE'S MASTER OF ALL HE SURVEYS AINT HE? WHO'S THE BREADWINNER, WHO'S THE TAXPAYER, AN WHO'S THE MAN OF THE HOUSE ANYHOW? - ME - ME, ME, ME - THASS WHO! JUST LET EMMY START SOMETHING - THASS ALL, JUST LET HER START!



BUT RIGHT ABOUT HERE HIS CONSCIENCE STEPS IN - -

OH! - LIKE THAT EH? - SO YOU'RE GONNA BROWBEAT THE SWEETEST LITTLE WOMAN IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD, ARE YOU? - THE ONE PERSON WHO'S NEVER LET YOU DOWN - WHO'S STUCK TO YOU THROUGH THICK 'AN' THIN - PFAUGH! - OXY SHAME ON YOURSELF YOU BIG OVERGROWN BULLY YOU!

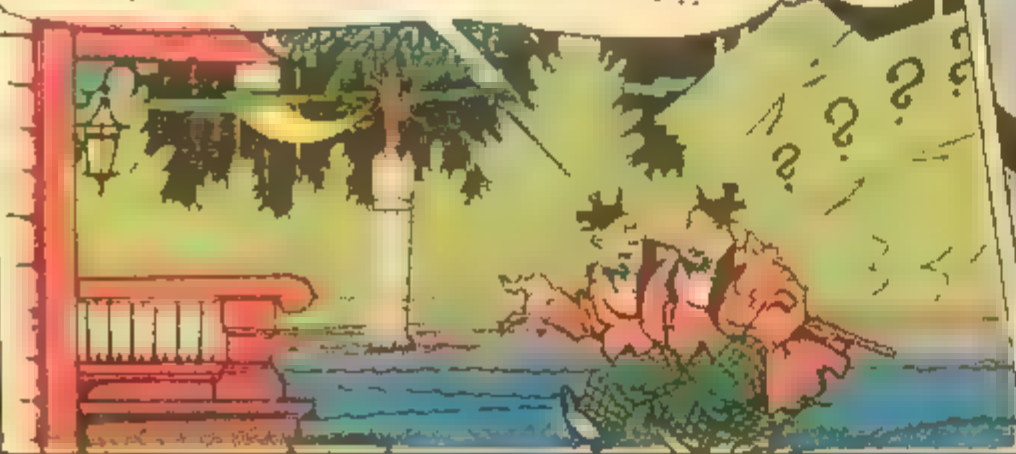


OH YEAH? - WELL LISTEN T'ME, CONSCIENCE, I'VE GOTTA UPHOLD MY DIGNITY AS A MAN, - WHAT ABOUT MY SELF RESPECT - MY PRIDE, - MY REPUTATION? - WHAT AM I ANYWAY, A MAN'S MAN, OR A KITTY CAT?

OL' CHAP YOUR VIEWPOINT IS UTTERLY FANTASTIC!



BROTHER IF THAT MEEK DEFENSELESS LITTLE PRIDE 'N' JOY OF YOURS EVER RISES IN HER RIGHTFUL WRATH AND BOUNCES SOMETHING WITH AUTHORITY OFF OF THAT ACCORDION-PLEATED NOGGIN OF YOURS, I'LL CLASSIFY YOU FOREVER AFTER AS A KITTY CAT, HERE'S HOME NOW, GO AHEAD STORM IN!!

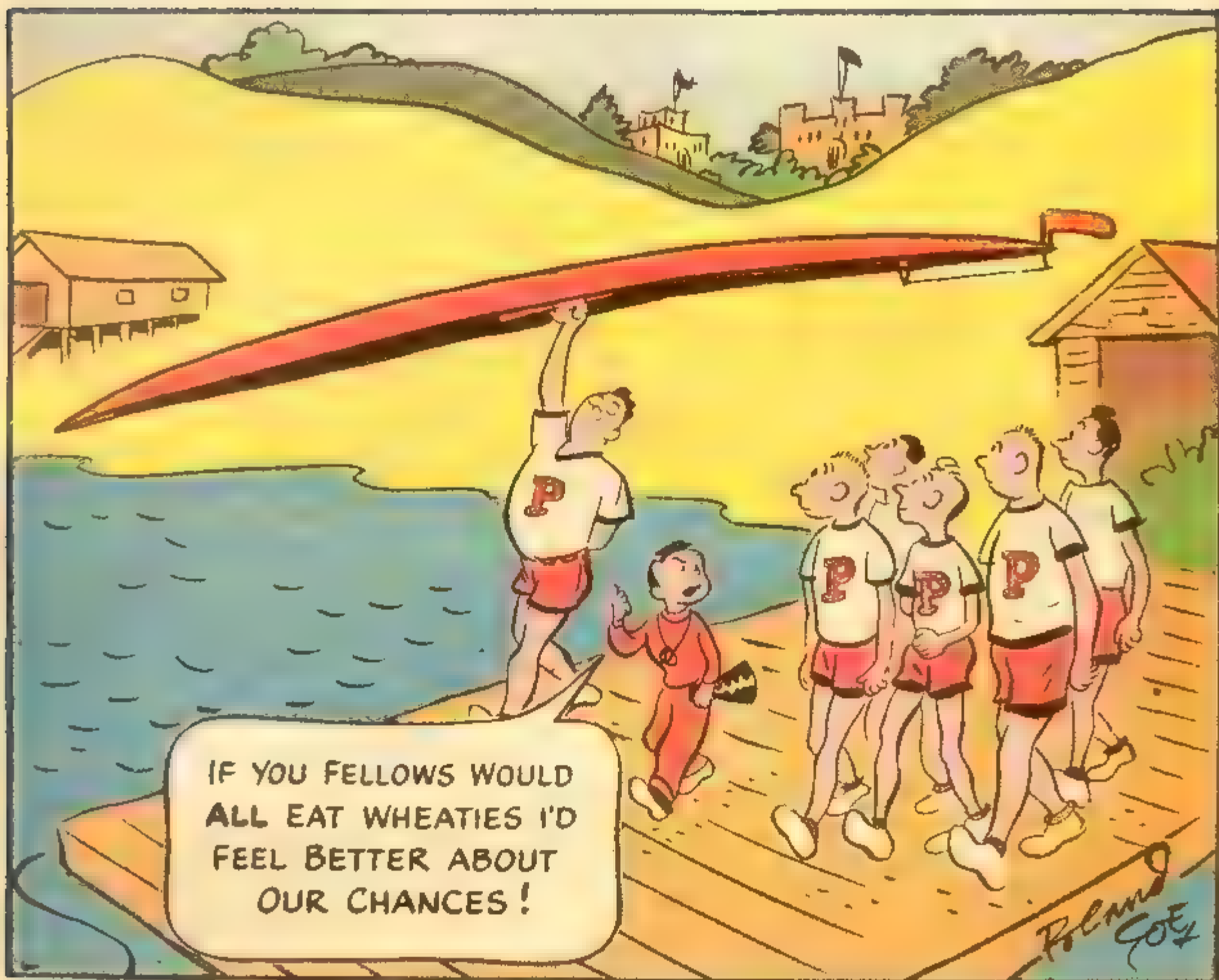


- IS THAT, BY ANY CHANCE YOU, - DECKER?

M-MER-OW-OW!!







IF YOU FELLOWS WOULD  
ALL EAT WHEATIES I'D  
FEEL BETTER ABOUT  
OUR CHANCES!

*Poland  
GOE*



HEFTY  
WHOLE GRAIN  
NOURISHMENT  
IN WHEATIES!

## "Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

YOU'RE BETTERING YOUR CHANCES WHEN YOU SHOVE OFF WITH A GOOD NOURISHING BREAKFAST. AND IF YOU TAKE A TIP FROM MANY LEADING COACHES AND STAR ATHLETES, YOU'LL INCLUDE LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES ARE BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. CRISP TOASTED AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP. CHUCK-FULL OF CONCENTRATED WHOLE GRAIN FOOD ENERGY AND SWELL "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

GIVE YOUR IMPORTANT MORNING MEAL A CHAMPION START...STARTING TOMORROW MORNING. GET GOING WITH ALL THE ZESTY NOURISHMENT AND ZIPPY FLAVOR IN A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

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# BATMAN

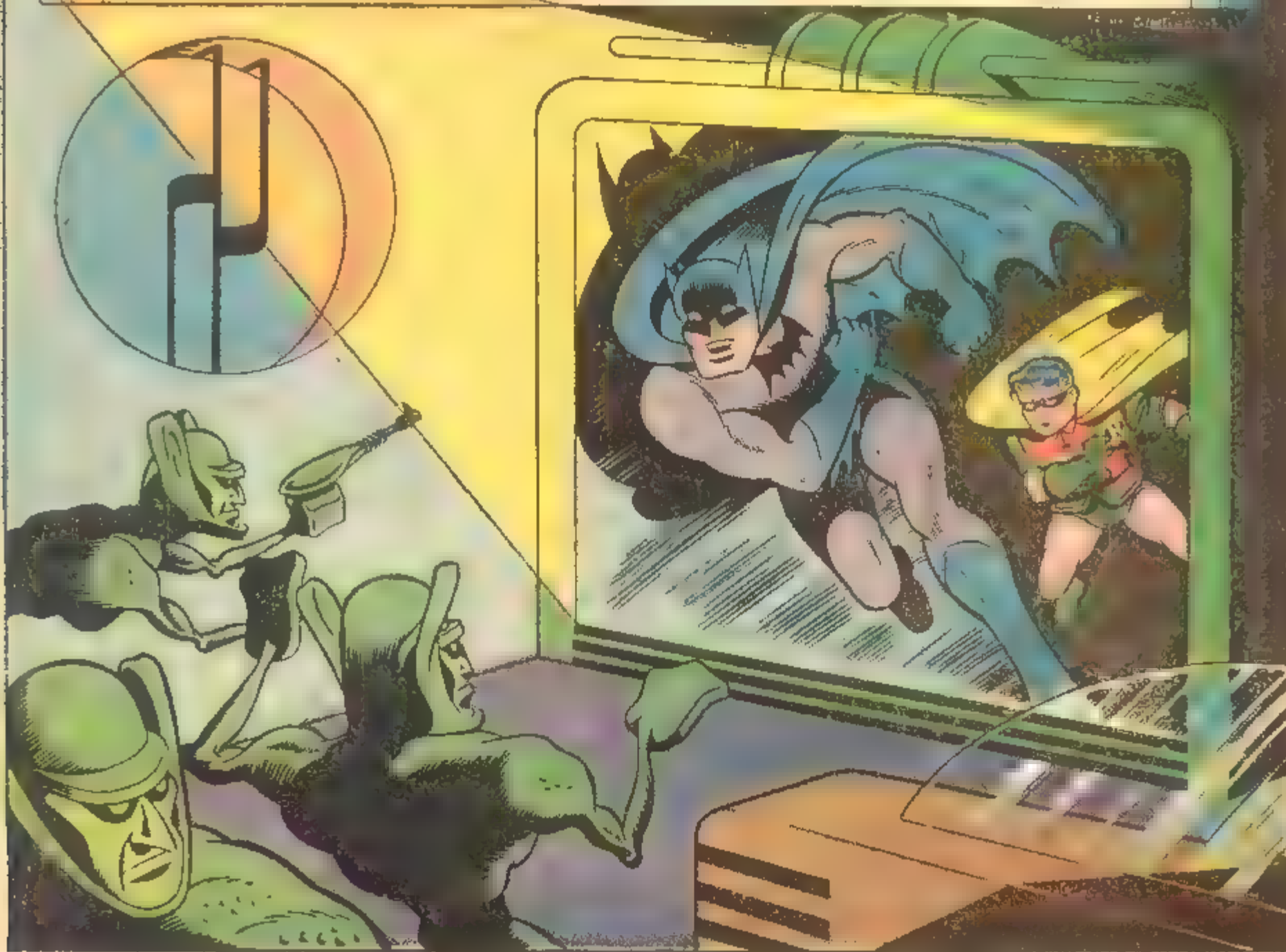
## ROBIN

THIS STORY CONCERNS BATMAN AND ROBIN... YET BATMAN AND ROBIN DO NOT APPEAR IN IT!

FOR IT IS NOT A STORY ABOUT BATMAN AND ROBIN. RATHER IS IT A STORY OF PEOPLE... ORDINARY PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME... PEOPLE WHO LIKE OUR GOVERNMENT THAT GIVES US LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS — AND ARE WILLING TO FIGHT FOR IT!

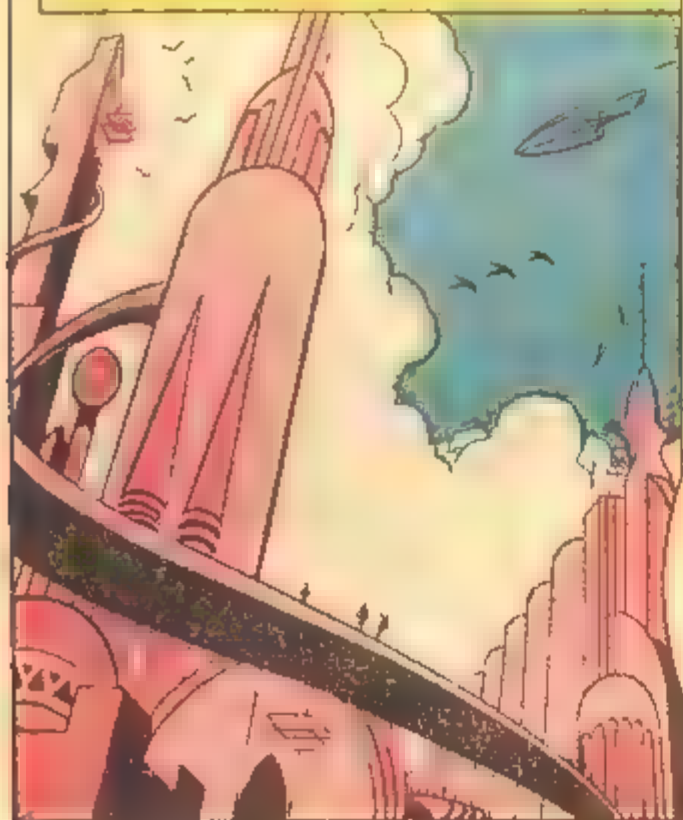
THESE ARE THE PEOPLE YOU SHALL READ ABOUT... A PEOPLE OF TOMORROW... FOR, IT IS A STORY OF...

"THE YEAR 3000!"

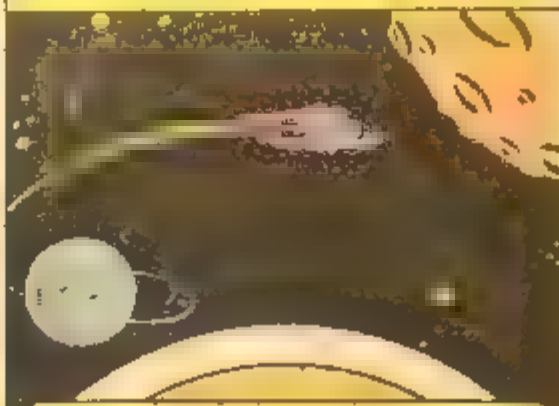




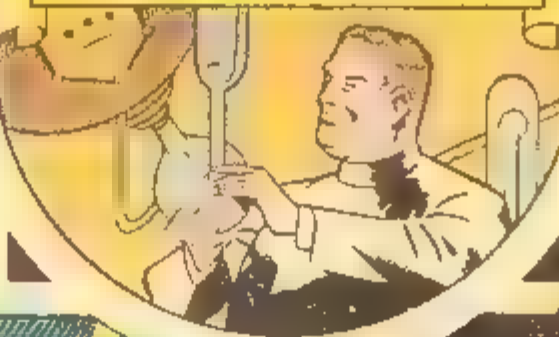
AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, THE YEAR 3000 SAW THE EARTH REACH THE PEAK OF ITS DEVELOPMENT! SAFTLY GLORIOUSLY IT ROSE TOWARD THE CLOUDS!



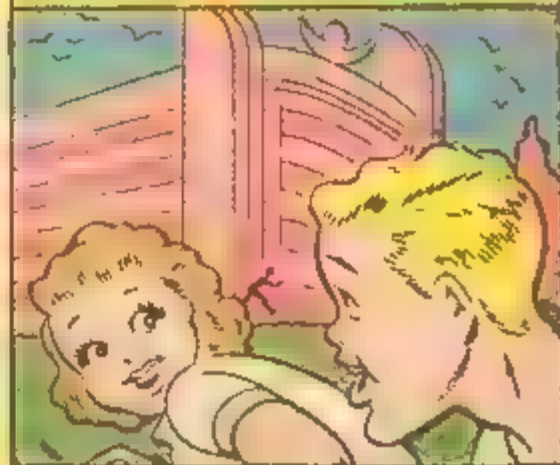
INTERPLANETARY TRADE AND TRAVEL, AS FORESEEN BY H.G. WELLS AND JULES VERNE, HAD BECOME A REALITY!



...FOR IT WAS A WORLD AT PEACE, WHERE ONLY SCIENTISTS AND TEACHERS MADE WAR—ON DISEASE AND IGNORANCE!



AND CHILDREN PLAYED UNDER THE WARM SUN, INSTEAD OF COVERING IN UNDERGROUND AIR-RAID SHELTERS...



CAUGHT UNPREPARED AFTER MORE THAN A CENTURY OF PEACE, EARTH'S PROUD CITIES CRUMPLED BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE GROTESQUE SPACE INVADERS!

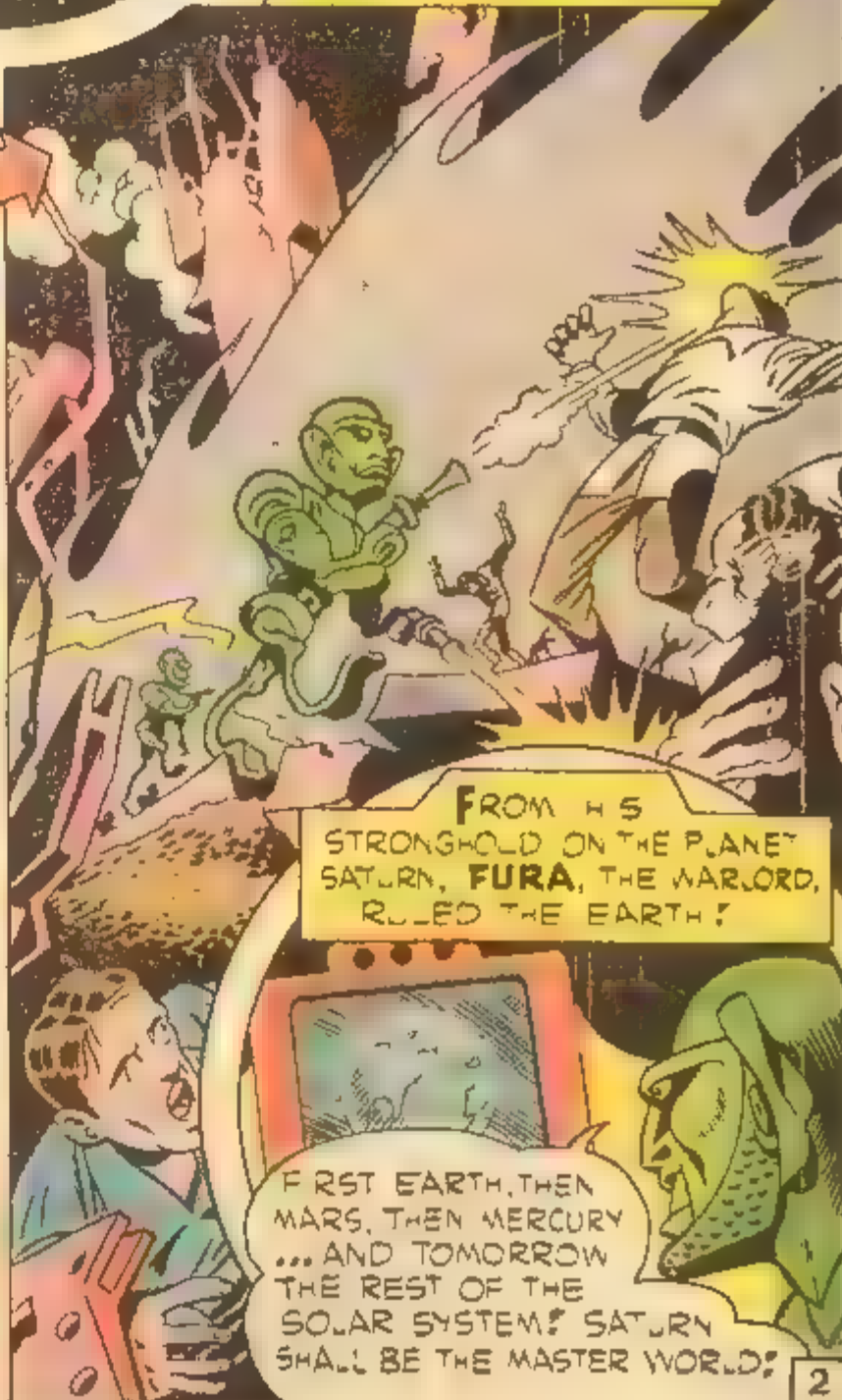


AND THEN ON APRIL 19, 3000 A.D. AT EXACTLY 9.12 A.M. CAME THE BUTZKREG STAB-IN-THE-BACK! SATURN ATTACKED EARTH!

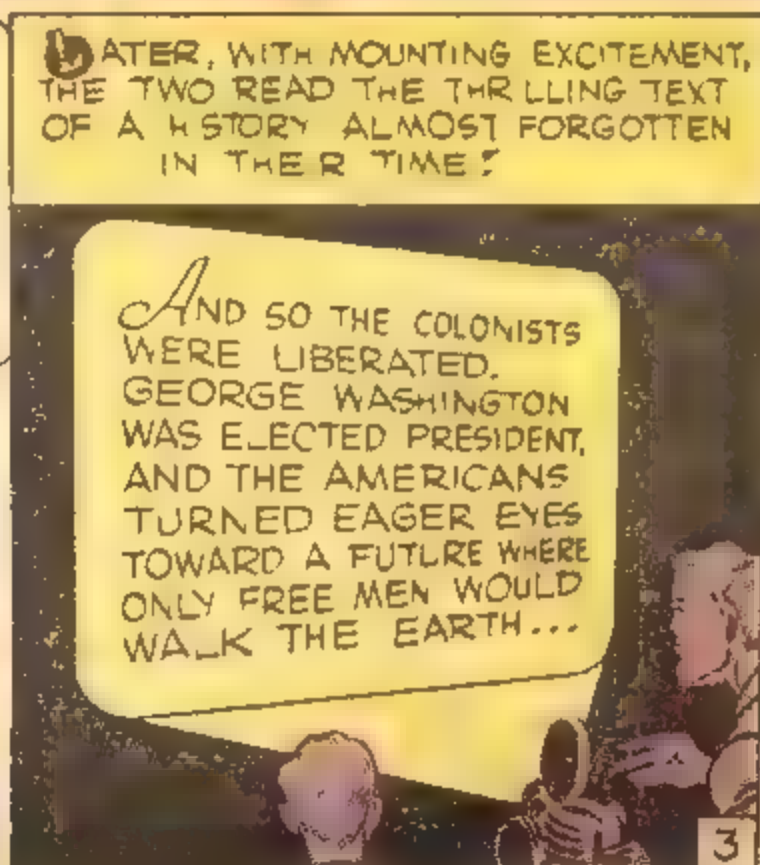
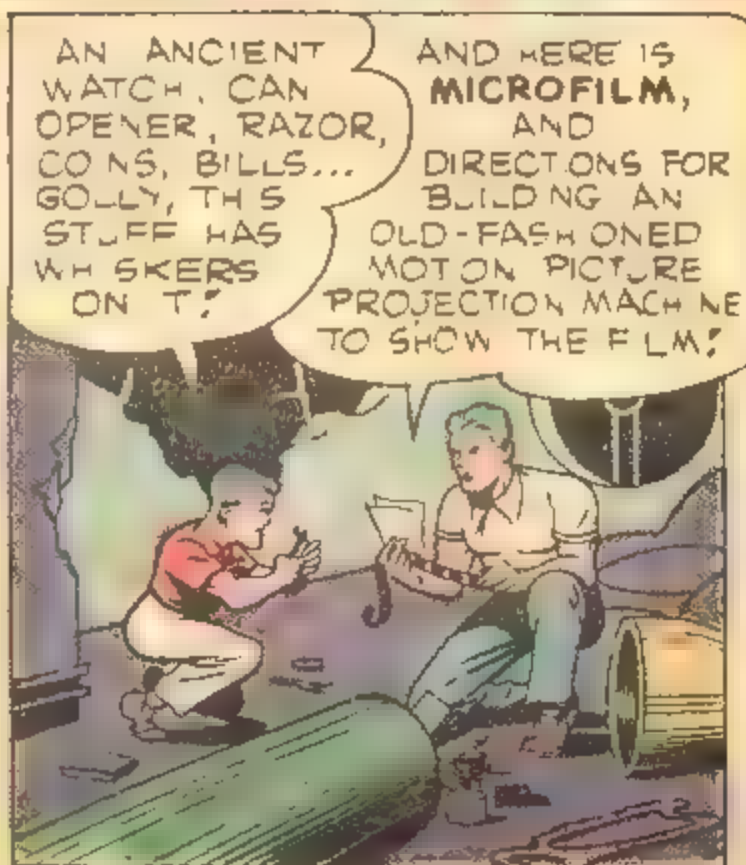
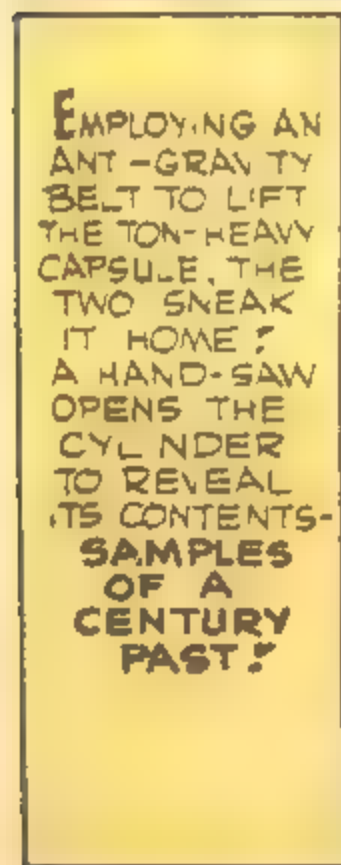
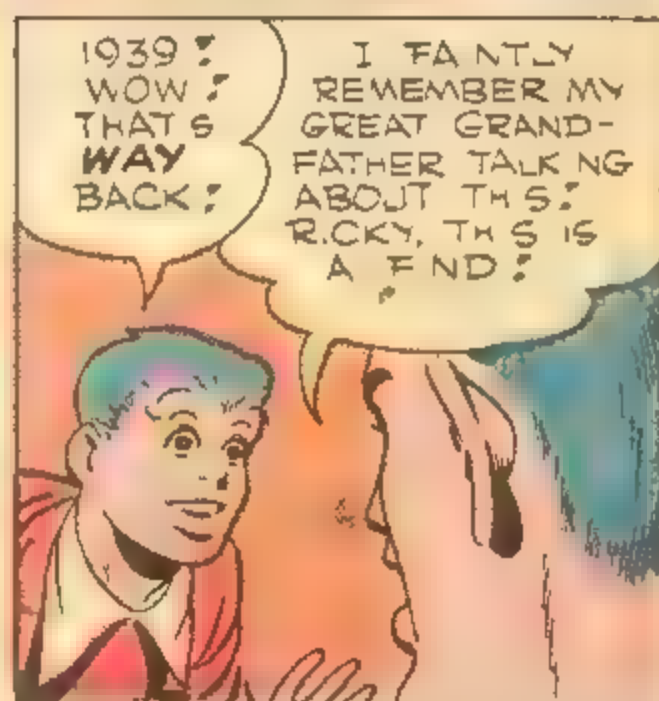
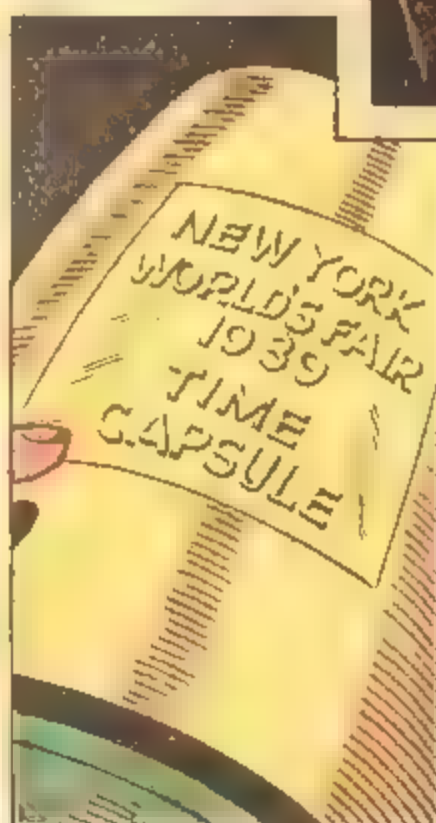
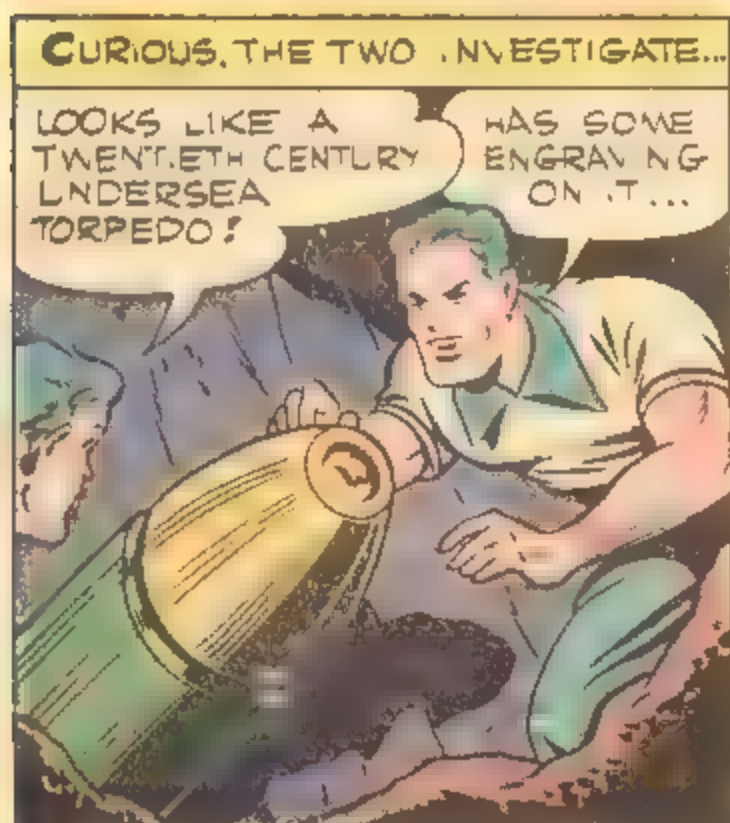
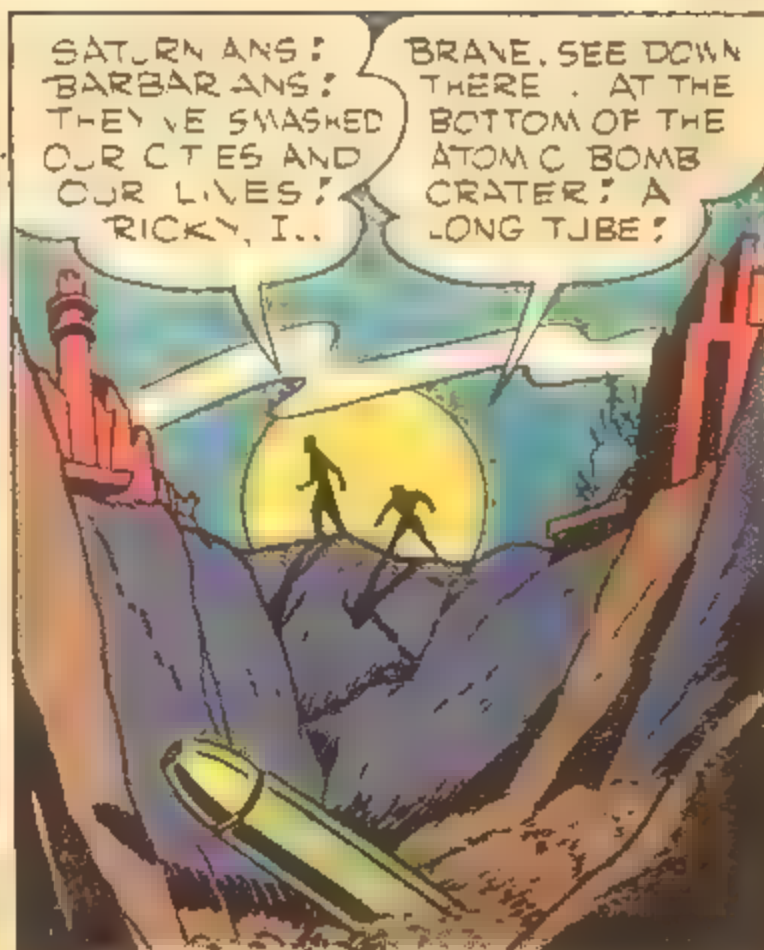
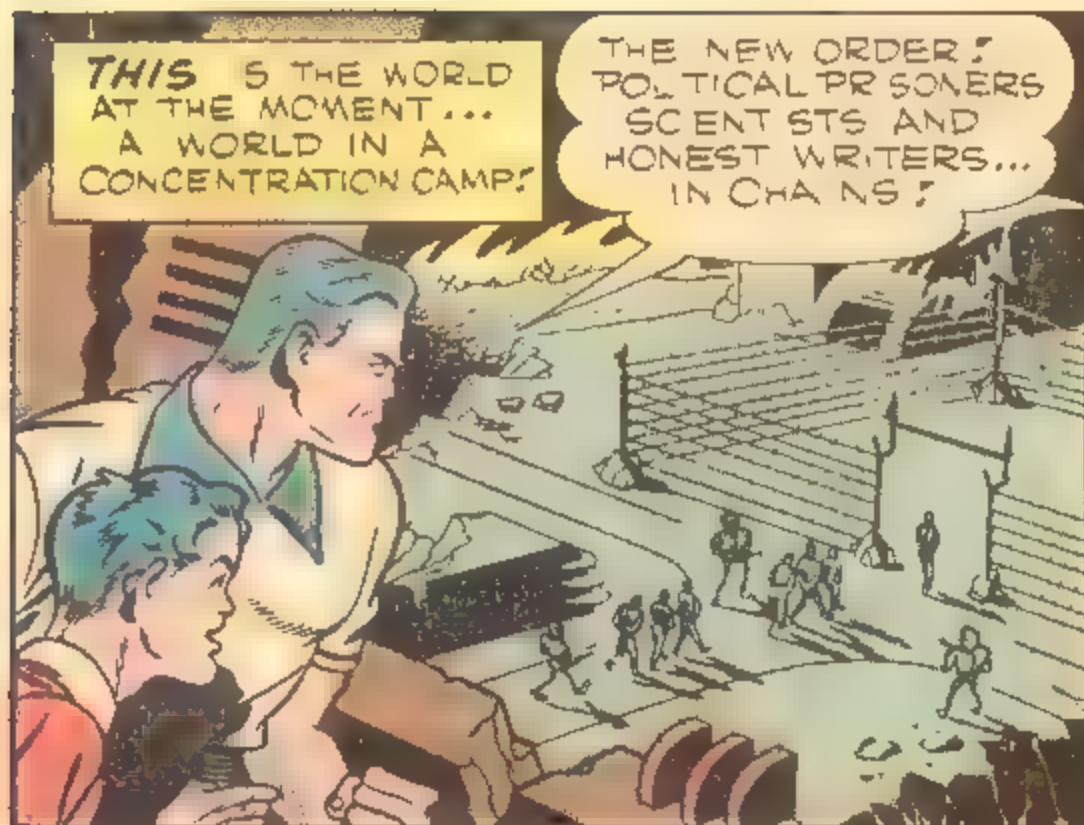


FROM HIS STRONGHOLD ON THE PLANET SATURN, FURA, THE WARLORD, RULED THE EARTH!

FIRST EARTH, THEN MARS, THEN MERCURY ...AND TOMORROW THE REST OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM! SATURN SHALL BE THE MASTER WORLD!









"...TURNED EAGER EYES TOWARD A FUTURE WHERE ONLY FREE MEN WOULD WALK THE EARTH?" WE'RE THE FUTURE! AND LOOK AT US—SLAVES!

NOT FOR LONG, ROCKY! THEY WON THEIR FREEDOM, AND WE'LL WIN OURS! THEY FOUGHT FOR IT... AND WE'LL FIGHT FOR IT!

LATER... IN AN ANCIENT SUBWAY TUNNEL, EARTH-LINGS LISTEN TO BRANE'S IMPASSIONED PLEA...

IN 776 THE COLONISTS FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM! WE TOO MUST FIGHT!

WE HAVE NO WEAPONS! THE SATURNIANS HAVE ATOM-CANNON AND DISINTEGRATOR RIFLES!

THE WEAPON OF THE AMERICANS OF 76 WAS NOT GUNS... BUT THEIR OVERPOWERING LOVE OF LIBERTY!

THAT'S AN ANCIENT HISTORY!

IT WOULDN'T WORK TODAY!

THE SATURNIANS CAN'T BE CONQUERED!

SOON THE TUNNEL IS EMPTY BUT FOR BRANE... AND A GIRL!

BRANE, I'M GLAD IT'S YOU I'M GOING TO MARRY, INSTEAD OF ONE OF THOSE SPINELESS COWARDS!

LORAL, DEAR... THEY'RE NOT COWARDS! THEY'VE TAKEN FREEDOM FOR GRANTED SO LONG THEY'VE FORGOTTEN HOW TO FIGHT FOR IT!

LATER, AFTER LEAVING HIS FIANCEE...

STILL USING THE PROJECTOR? SAY, WHO ARE THAT MASKED MAN AND BOY?

THAT'S BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER! THIS IS A NEWSREEL PICTURE SHOWING THEM IN ACTION!

BATMAN? THE NAME... THAT COSTUME... SEEMS FAMILIAR SOMEHOW! WHAT DID THE TEXT SAY ABOUT THEM?

IT SAID THAT ALONE THEY FOUGHT CRIME AND EVIL... WERE CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE, THE INSPIRATION OF THE PEOPLE, AND LIVING PROOF OF MAN'S INDOMINATABLE COURAGE!

YES... THAT'S IT... THAT'S WHAT'S NEEDED—A CHAMPION... AN INSPIRATION... AND LIVING PROOF OF MAN'S COURAGE!



MEANWHILE FROM SATURN FURA SPEAKS TO HIS SUBORDINATES BY SPACE TELEVISOR...

FROM THIS DAY ON ALL EARTHLINGS FOUND ON THE STREETS AFTER NINE O'CLOCK WILL BE DISINTEGRATED!

YES MY LEADER! FEALTY TO FURA!



HUMANS! BAH! YOU DEPRIVE THEM OF FOOD AND LIBERTY THEN GIVE THEM JUST A LITTLE OF BOTH... LIKE THROWING SCRAPS OF FOOD TO A DOG...



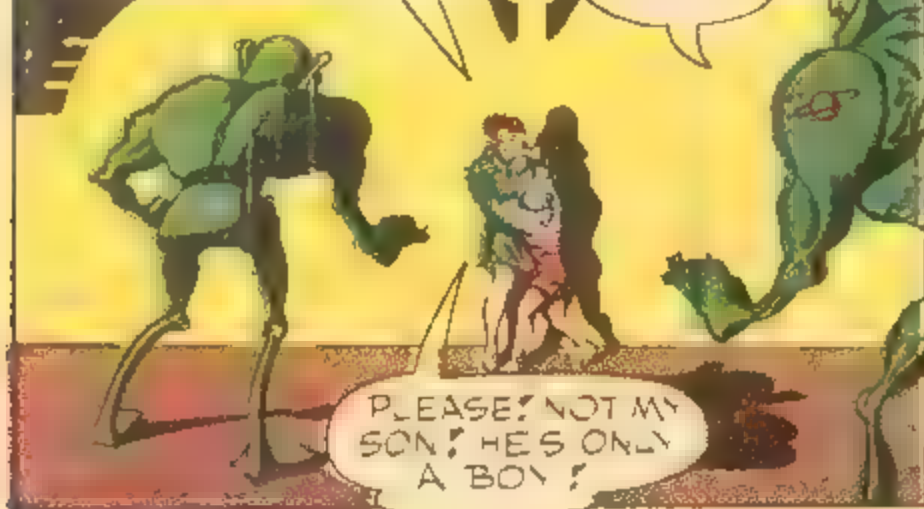
...AND THEY FAWN ON YOU AND ARE YOUR SLAVES! CONTROLLING THEM IS A SCIENCE! THEY ALL REACT THE SAME! THEY ARE LIKE ROBOTS! ROBOTS! HA! HA! A GOOD JOKE! ROBOTS! HA! HA!



NINE O'CLOCK! DEATH'S CURFEW! WITH ALMOST MECHANICAL DELIBERATION, THE EMOTIONLESS SATURNANS OBEY THEIR LEADERS ORDER!

PLEASE! WE ONLY LIVE DOWN THE STREET!

IT'S AFTER CURFEW! DISINTEGRATE THEM!

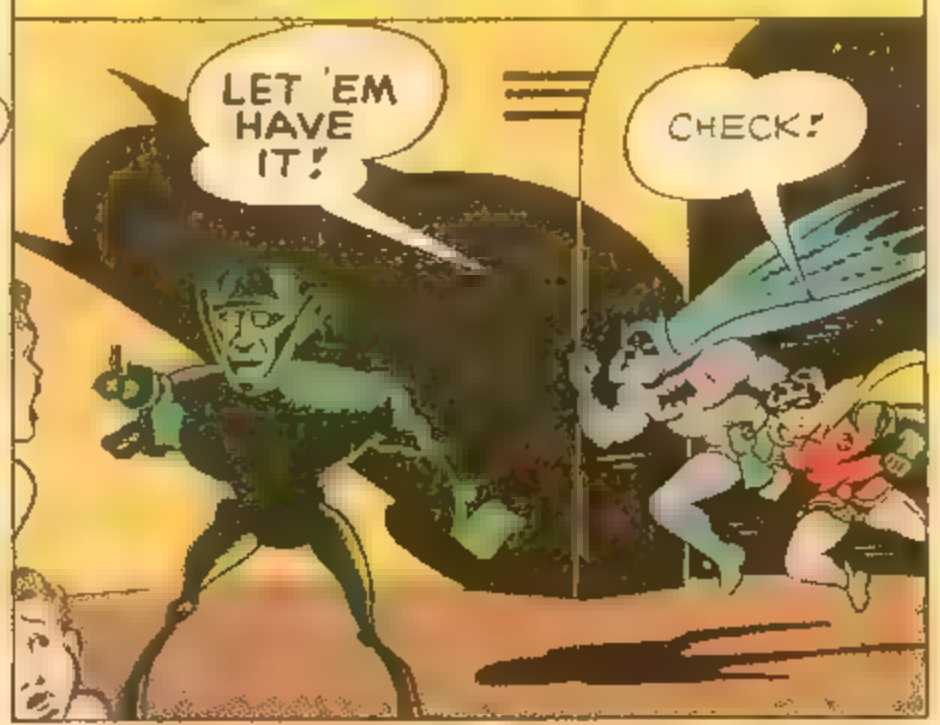


PLEASE! NOT MY SON! HE'S ONLY A BOY!

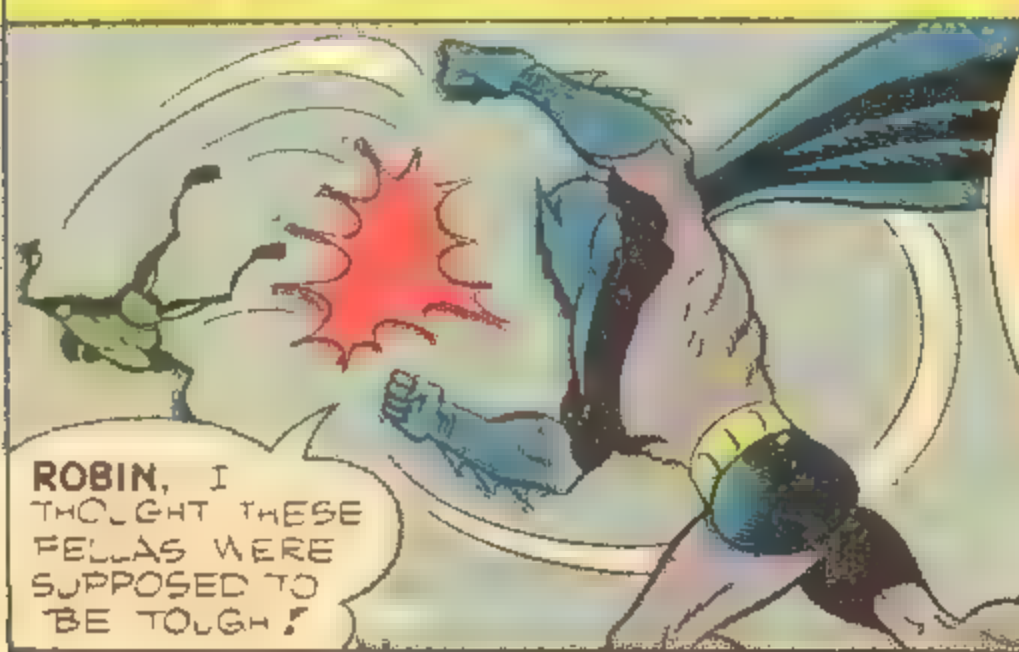
SUDDENLY, TWO GRIM FIGURES LEAP FROM THE SHADOWS!!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

CHECK!

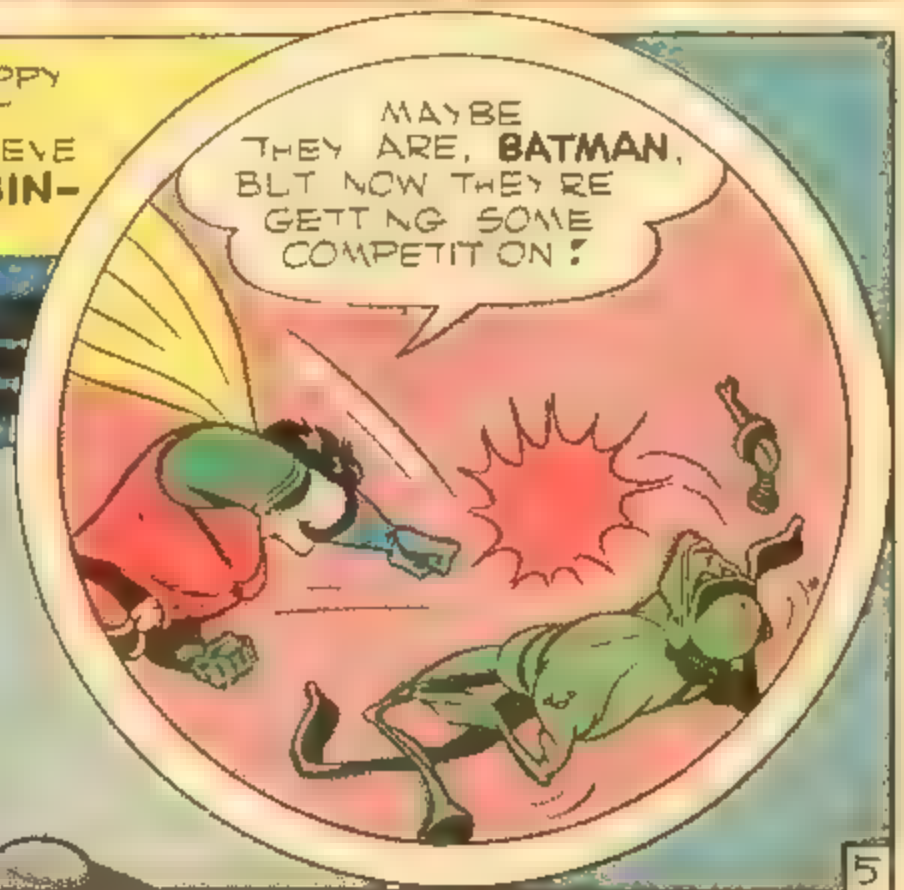


BUT WAIT! THOSE MANTLED TWO... THAT PEPPY BATTLE JARGON... IT STRIKES A CHORD! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE, BUT WE MUST BELIEVE OUR EYES... THESE ARE BATMAN AND ROBIN-IN THE YEAR 3000!!



ROBIN, I THOUGHT THESE FELLAS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH!

MAYBE THEY ARE, BATMAN, BUT NOW THEY'RE GETTING SOME COMPETITION!





IT'S ALL RIGHT! YOU CAN GO HOME NOW!

OH, BLESS YOU! BLESS YOU BOTH!

I KNOW SOME EARTH PEOPLE WHO CAN MAKE GOOD USE OF THESE!

BUT THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF A SERIES OF DARING GUERRILLA RAIDS AND SABOTAGE BY A TWO-MAN ARMY!

THAT'S ONE MORE FACTORY LESS TO PRODUCE WEAPONS FOR THE ENEMY!

A MAN AND A BOY... AGAINST THE WHOLE SATURNAN ARMY? INCREDIBLE? NO... FOR THIS IS HISTORY!

OUT YOU GO, CHUMS!

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT THEY STRIKE... AND THEN STEAL AWAY TO MERGE WITH THE SHADOWS OF WHICH THEY SEEM A PART!

TAKE FOOD FROM STARVING EARTH PEOPLE WILL YOU? RATS... THEN NO RATS!

A MAN AND A BOY? THEY ARE THE STUFF OF WHICH HEROES ARE MADE! HEROES AND LIBERATORS OF ENSLAVED PEOPLE!

C'MON FOLKS! DO YOU WANT TO STAY HERE FOREVER???

COWING! FREE! WE'LL BE FREE!

CONCENTRATION CAMP 10

SOON THEIR NAMES BECOME FAMILIAR TO THE EARTH PEOPLE...

FOR THE EARTH PEOPLE WHO WILL NEED THEM TO FIGHT WITH SOME DAY SOON! COMPLIMENTS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN

...AND THEIR NAMES ARE ALSO FAMILIAR... SO VERY FAMILIAR, TO THE SATURNANS!

ALL OUR AMMUNITION IS GONE!

HE WAS HERE! THE BATMAN!



**BATMAN!** THE WORD SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE, AND THERE IS MANY A THOUGHT ABOUT HIM...

THE RECORDS SHOW HE LIVED IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?

BUT THAT WOULD MAKE HIM OVER A THOUSAND YEARS OLD?

PERHAPS HE USED A TIME-MACHINE TO TRAVEL TO OUR TIME?

**AT THAT MOMENT...**

IT'S THE BED FOR ME TONIGHT? I'M TIRED?

WE TOO? WE DID A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK?

BRANE, I THINK YOUR "BATMAN" PLAN IS WORKING? YOU'VE GOT THE PEOPLE ALL EXCITED?

... AND INSPIRED, I HOPE? THEY'VE ALL THOUGHT NO MEN COULD BEAT THE SATURNIANS... BUT NOW I THINK THEY'RE CHANGING THEIR MINDS!

**AND SO THEY ARE!** FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE INVASION EARTH PEOPLE STARE AT THE SATURNIANS WITH BOLD AND SCORNFUL EYES?

INVINCIBLE, EH? THE **BATMAN** CERTAINLY SCOTCHED THAT RUMOR?

MAYBE SOON WE'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT, TOO?

**AND FURA** SUDDENLY REALIZES THAT ALL MEN ARE NOT ROBOTS, AND THAT THEY CAN BE EXPECTED TO DO THE UNEXPECTED?

YOU MUST FIND AND DISINTEGRATE THIS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

YES, MY LEADER! FEALTY TO **FURA**!

**EVEN AS HE SPEAKS...** IN THE WAR WING OF THE MUSEUM OF ANCIENT HISTORY...

THE PEOPLE CAN USE ANY WEAPONS, EVEN IF THEY ARE ARCHAIC TWENTIETH CENTURY MACHINE GUNS AND GRENADES?

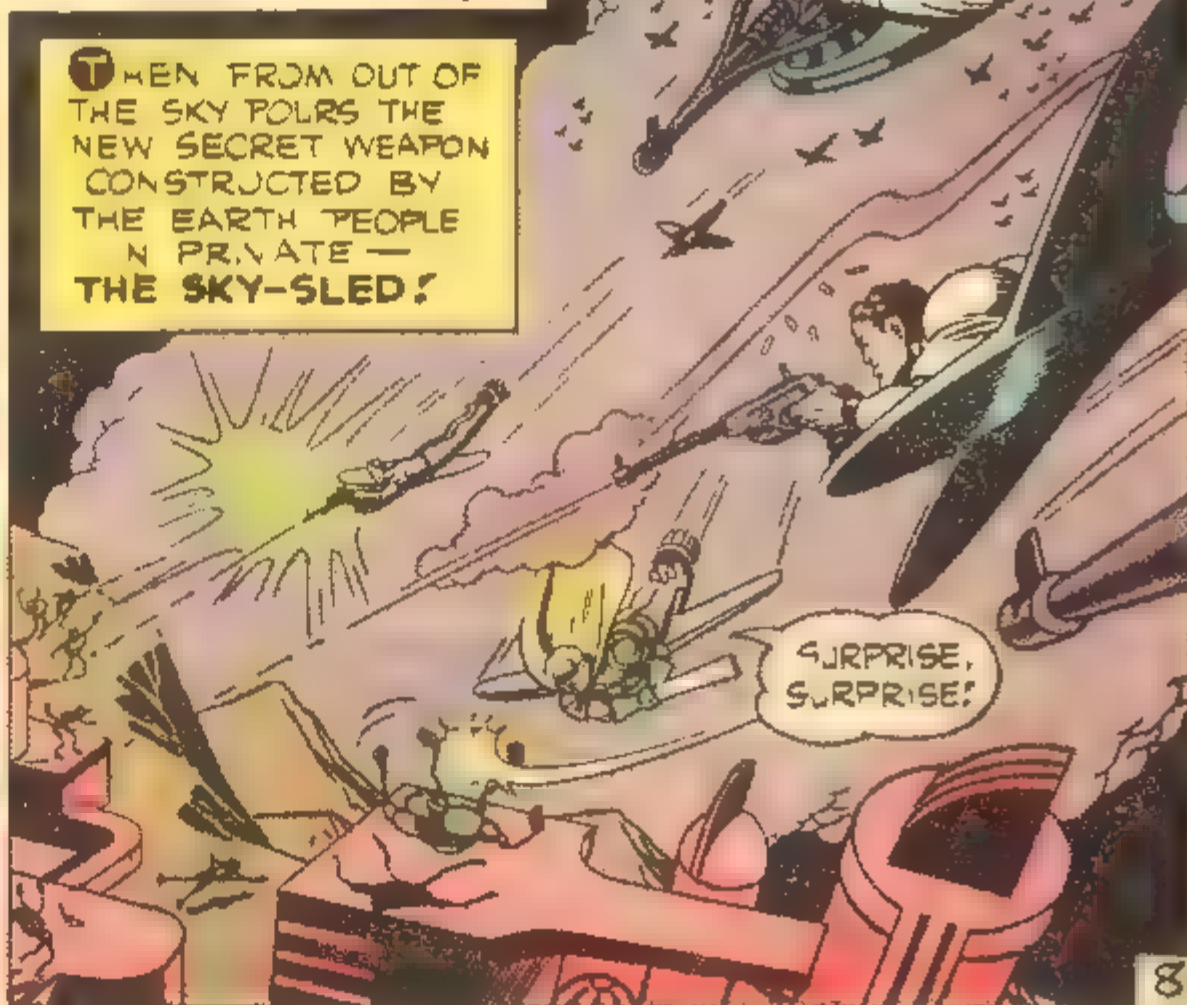
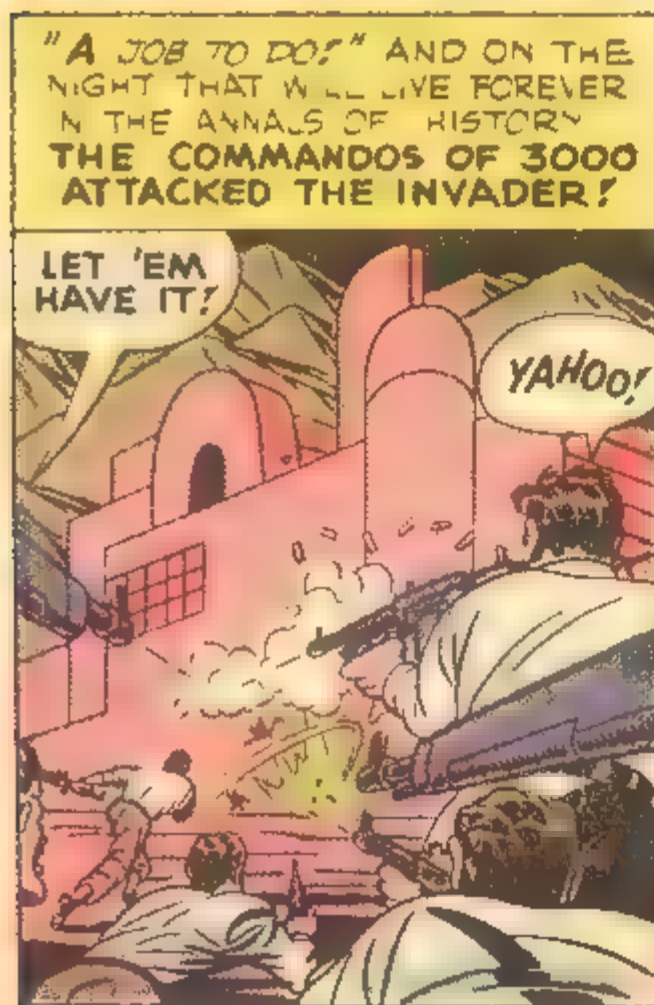
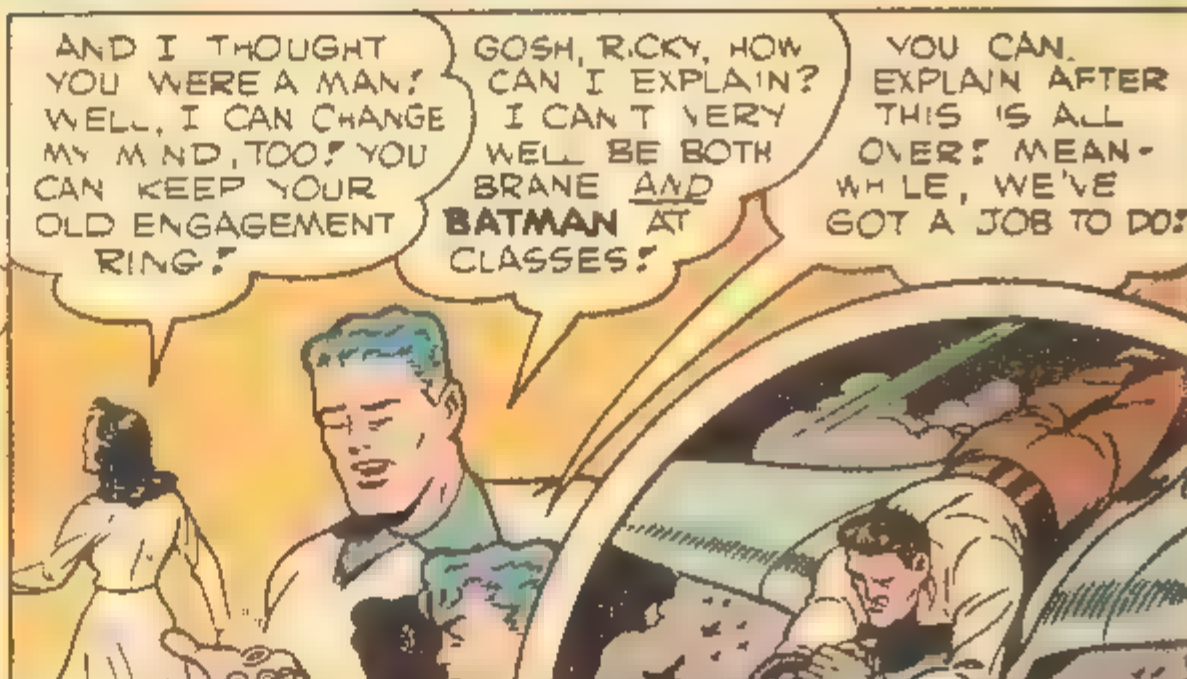
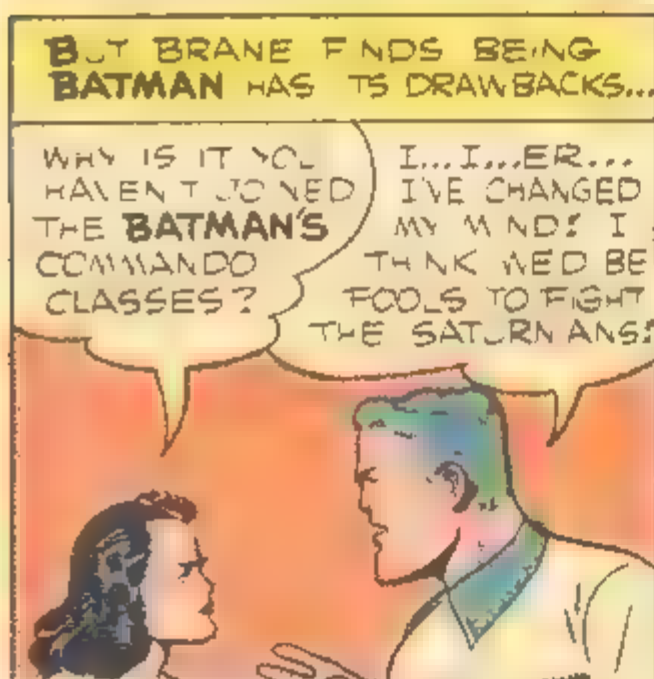
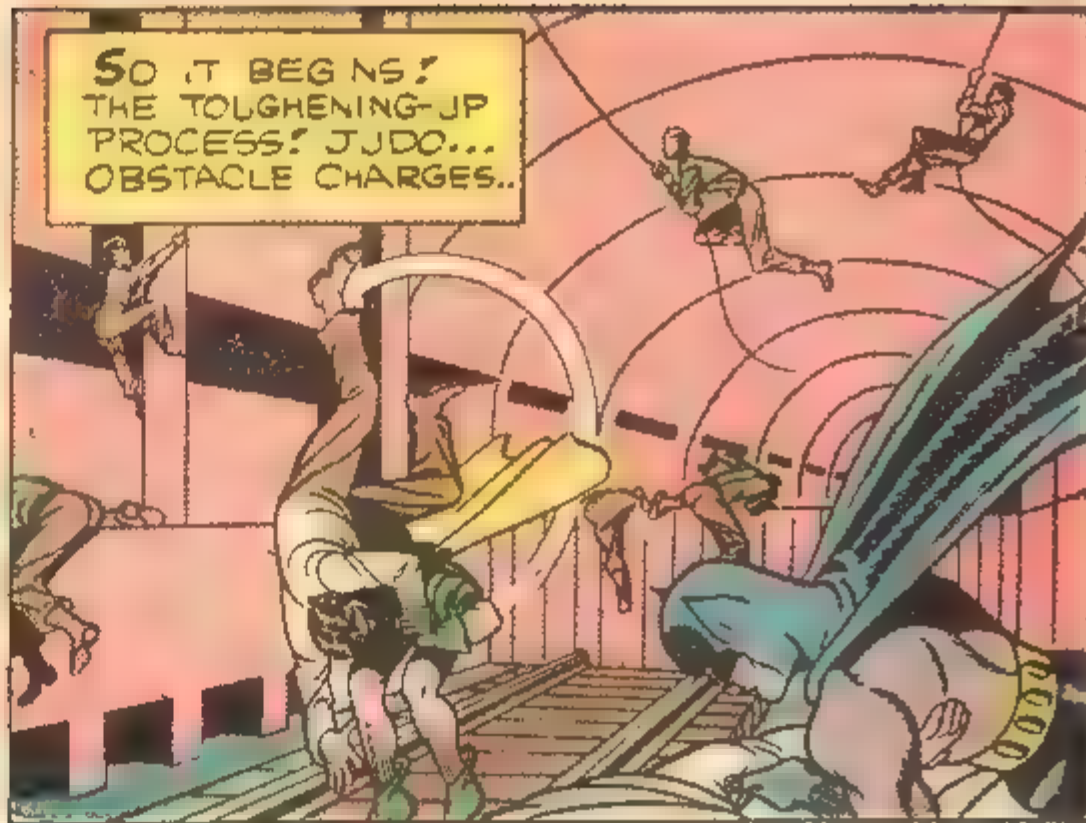
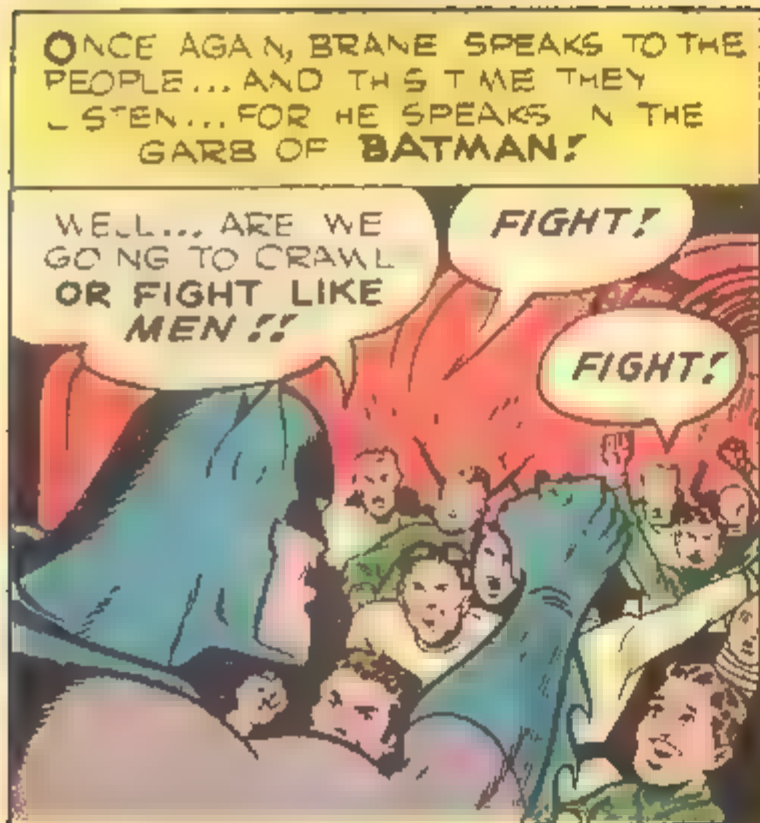
THIS BOOK, HERE... I THINK IT'S GOING TO HELP US?

**WHEN MORNING COMES...**

HIT SAY... DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT READING THAT BOOK?

I HAVE... AND THIS BOOK HAS GIVEN ME THE BEST IDEA I'VE HAD YET! I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE!







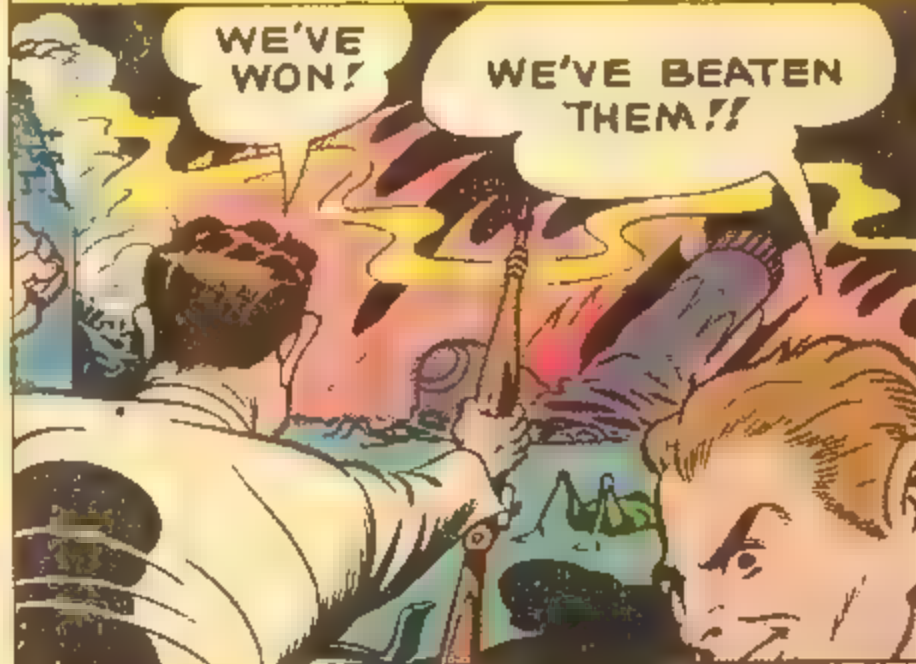
SATURNIAN FIGHTER-SHIPS ATTEMPT A COUNTER-ATTACK, BUT THE TINY, SPEEDY, EASILY MANEUVERABLE SKY-SLEDS PROVE TOO MUCH FOR THE CLUMSIER, HEAVIER SHIPS.



COMMANDO TACTICS, PRECISE, CLOCKWORK WARFARE! EVERY MAN TO HIS JOB! EVERY TRICK BROUGHT INTO PLAY!



EARTHMAN COURAGE, COUPLED WITH COMMANDO TACTICS, PROVE TOO MUCH FOR STOLID SATURNIAN STRATEGY!

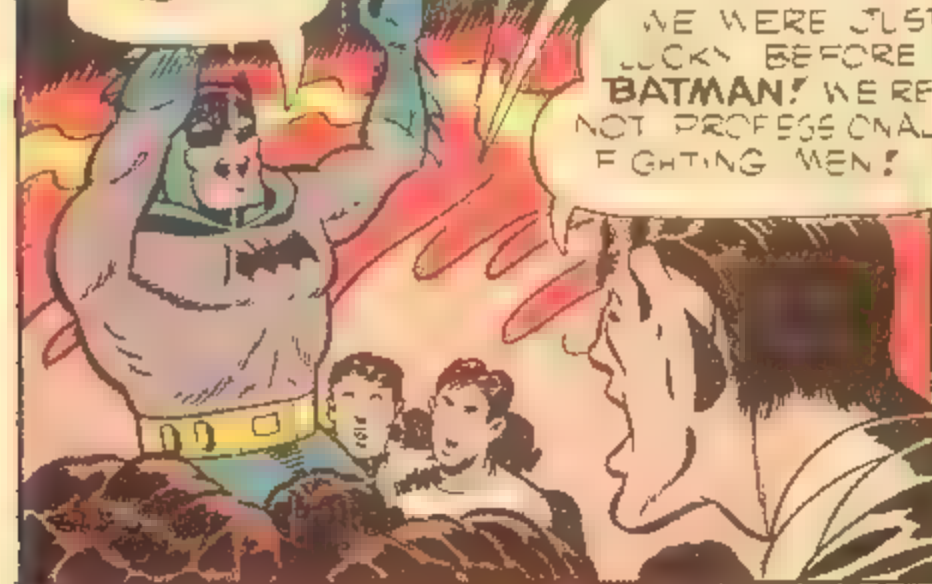


WAIT! WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET! WE'VE GOT TO ATTACK SATURN... NOW... BEFORE FURA CAN ATTACK EARTH AGAIN!

ATTACK... SATURN! THAT'S SUICIDE!

I SAY WE STAY HERE AND MAKE A STAND!

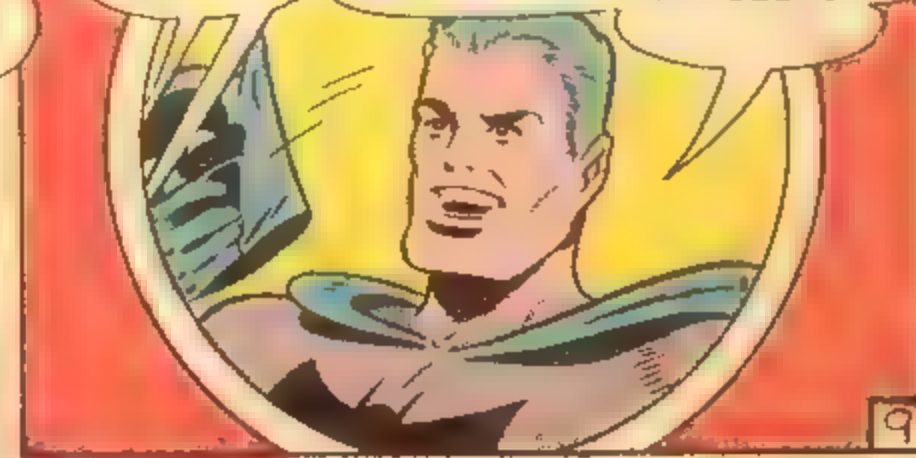
WE WERE JUST LUCKY BEFORE BATMAN! WE'RE NOT PROFESSIONAL FIGHTING MEN!



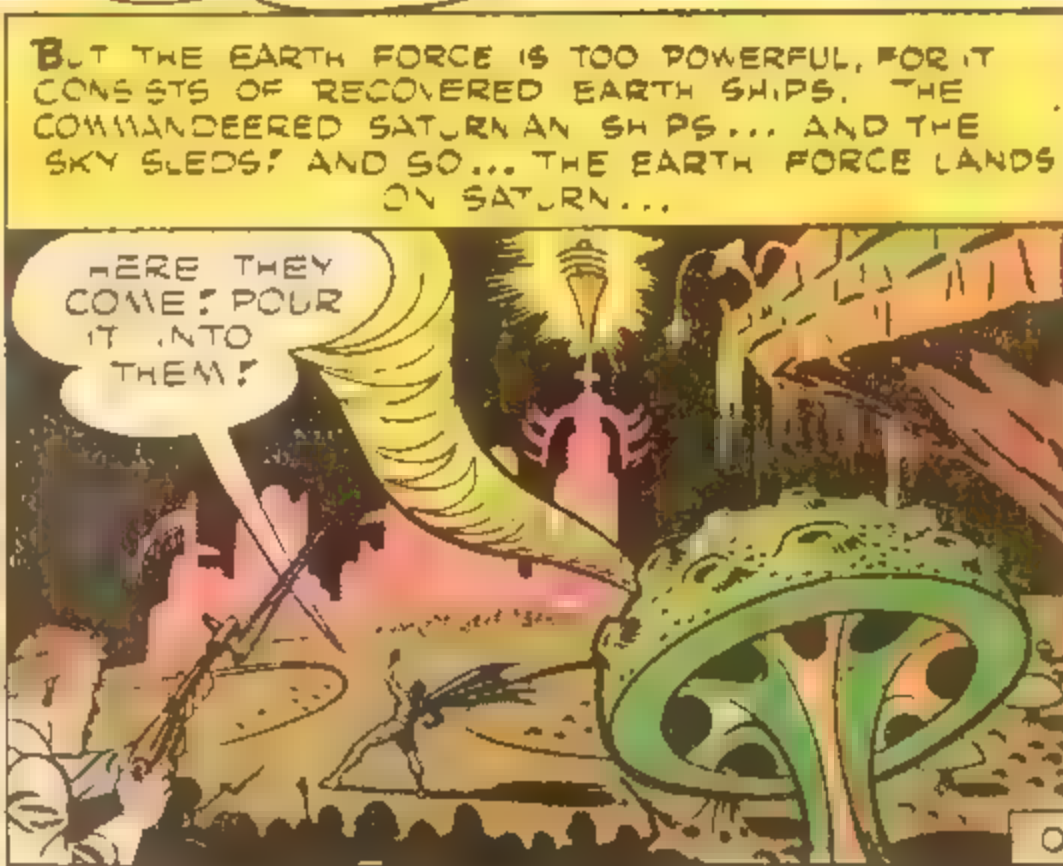
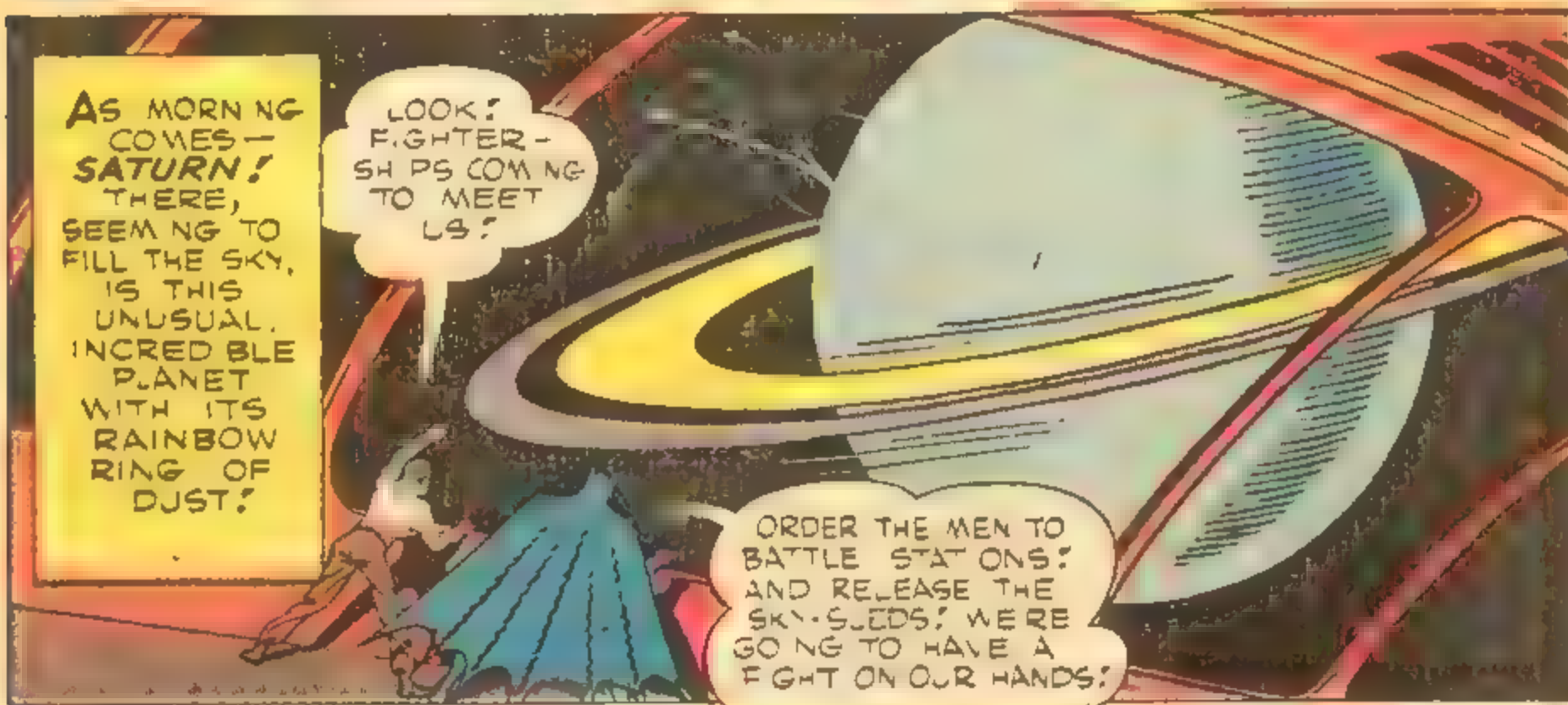
IN ANSWER, BRANE WHIPS AWAY HIS COAT AND STANDS REVEALED!

YES, ME! AM I A PROFESSIONAL FIGHTING MAN... OR AM I JUST A MAN LIKE YOU? I ONLY ADOPTED THIS BATMAN DISGUISE BECAUSE I KNEW YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IN JUST BRANE HIMSELF!

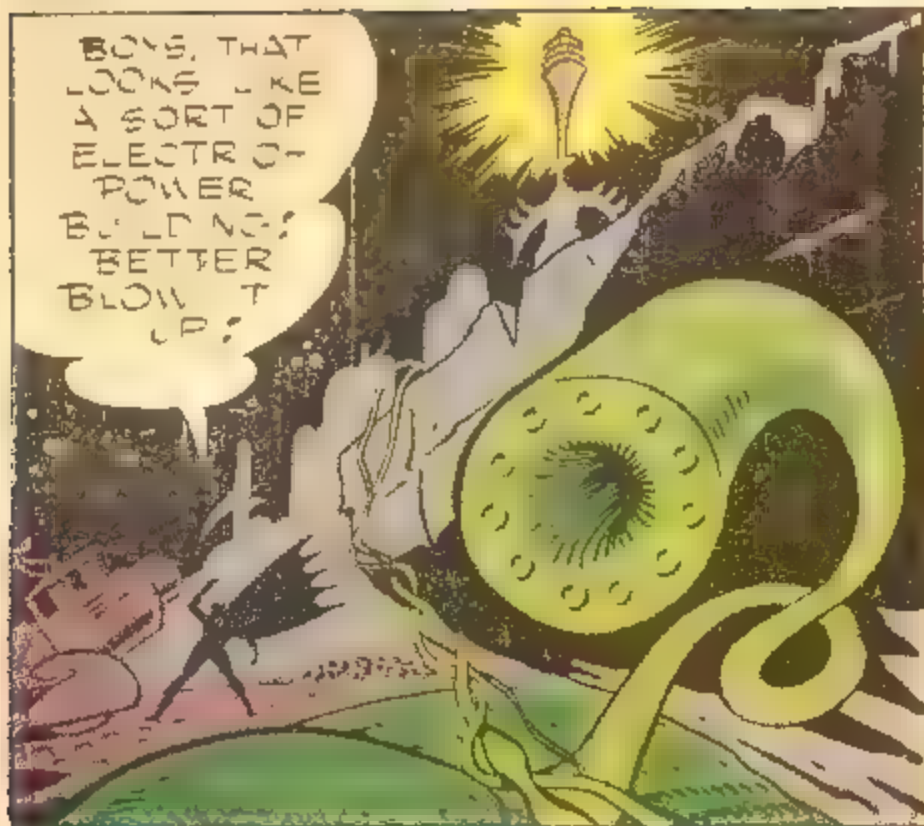
BRANE!



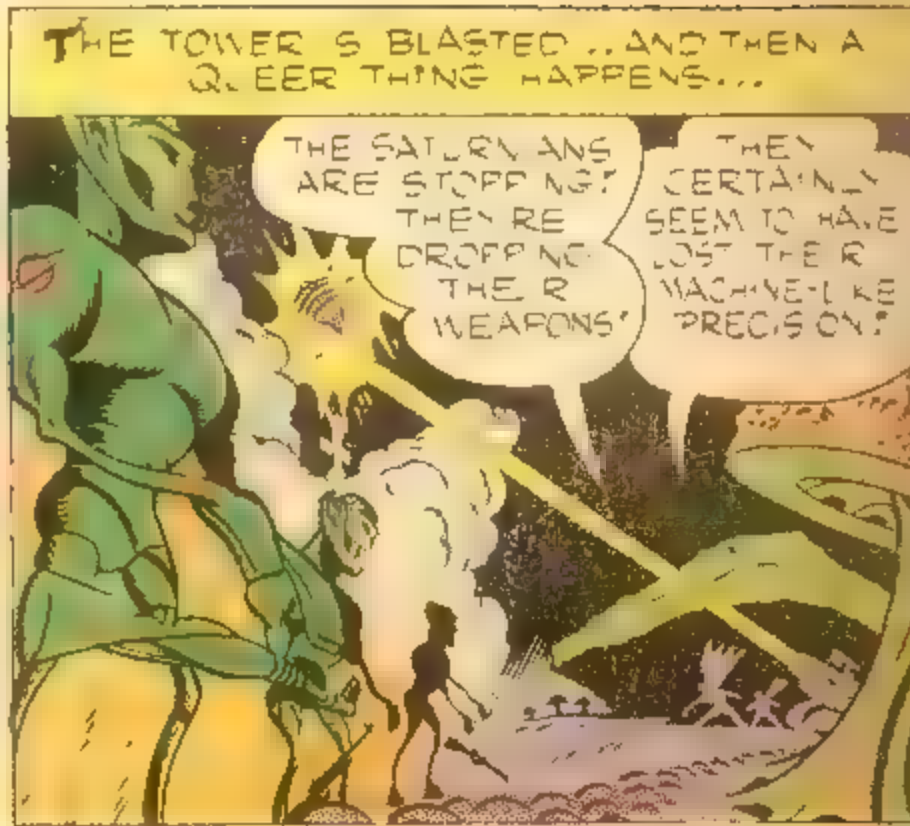








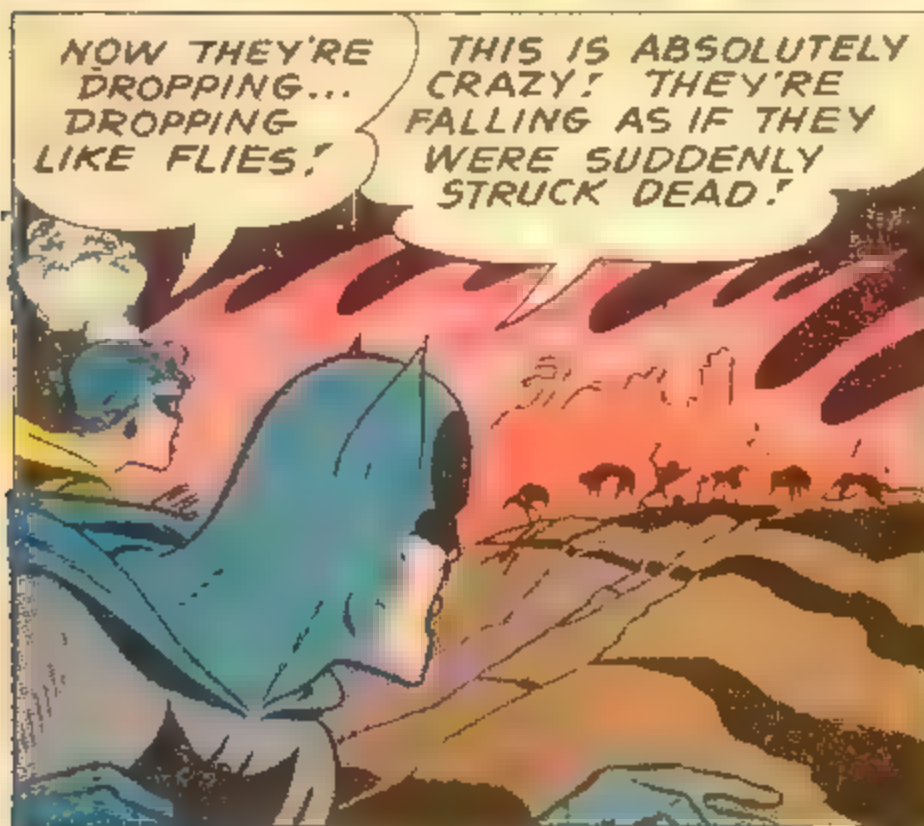
BOYS, THAT LOOKS LIKE A SORT OF ELECTRO-POWER BUILDING! BETTER BLOW IT UP!



THE TOWER'S BLASTED... AND THEN A QUEER THING HAPPENS...

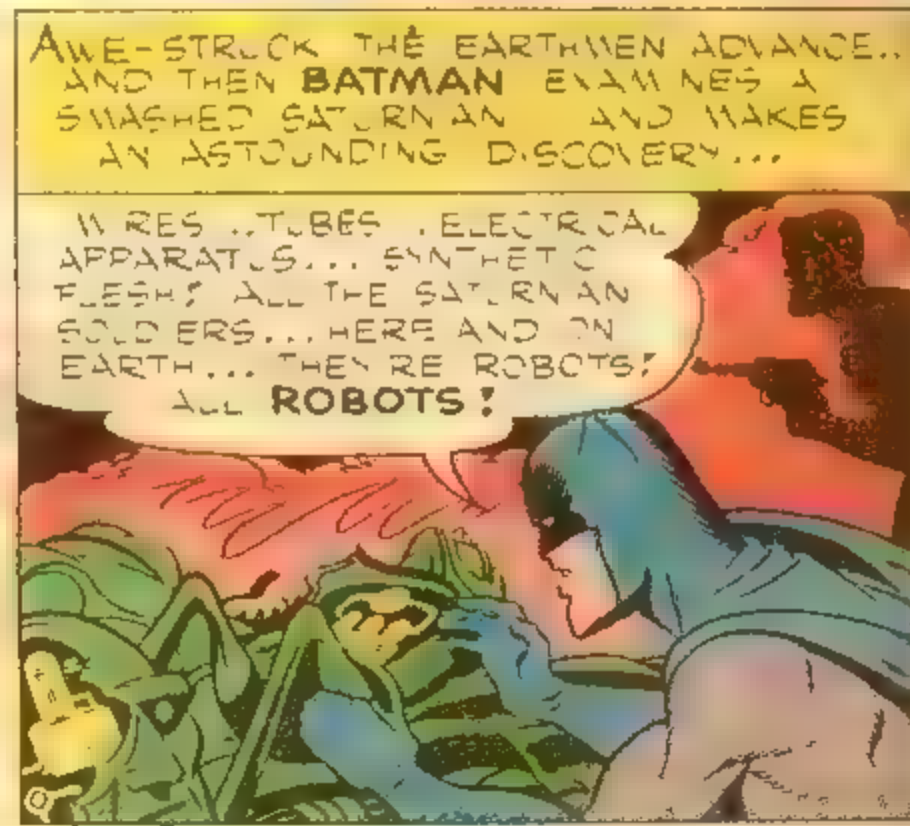
THE SATURNIANS ARE STOPPING! THEY'RE DROPPING THEIR WEAPONS!

THEY CERTAINLY SEEM TO HAVE LOST THEIR MACHINE-LIKE PRECISION!



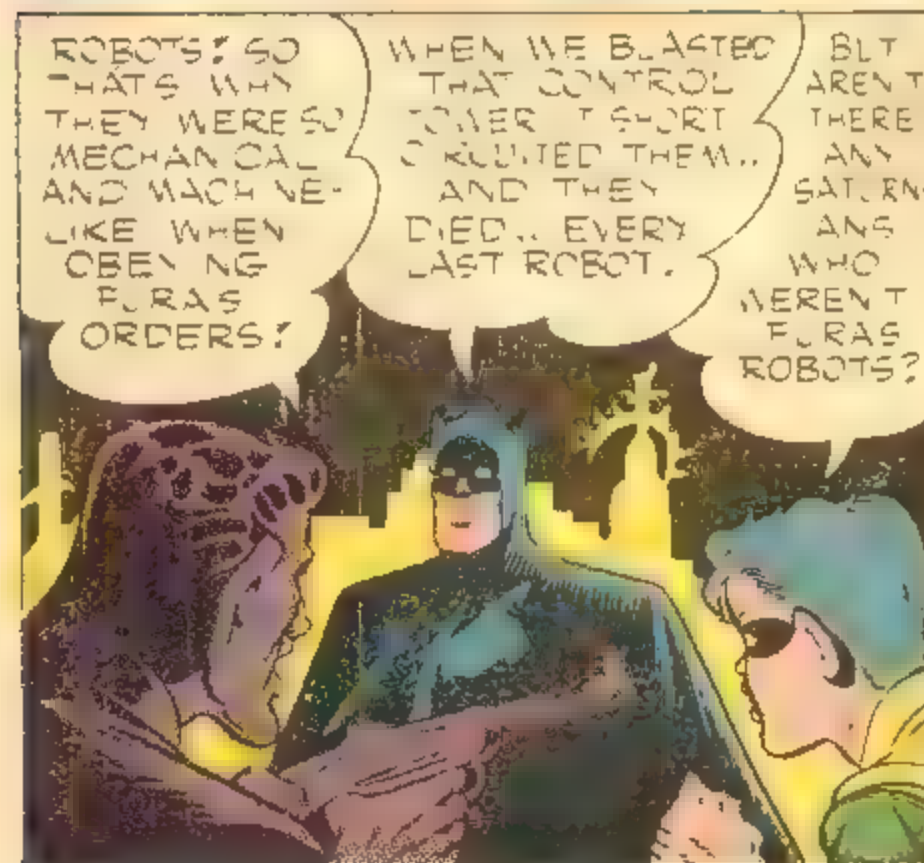
NOW THEY'RE DROPPING... DROPPING LIKE FLIES!

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY CRAZY! THEY'RE FALLING AS IF THEY WERE SUDDENLY STRUCK DEAD!



AWE-STROCK THE EARTHWOMEN ADVANCE... AND THEN BATMAN EXAMINES A SMASHED SATURNIAN AND MAKES AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY...

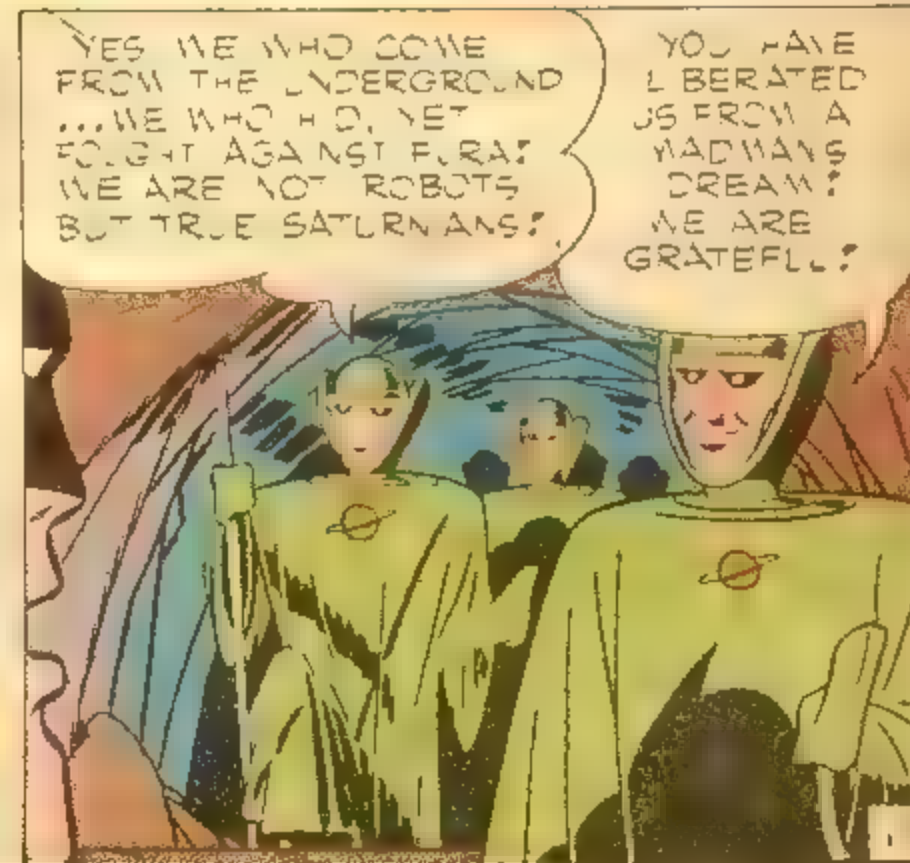
WIRES... TUBES... ELECTRICAL APPARATUS... SYNTHETIC FLESH! ALL THE SATURNIAN SOLDIERS... HERE AND ON EARTH... THEY'RE ROBOTS! ALL ROBOTS!



ROBOTS! SO THAT'S WHY THEY WERE SO MECHANICAL AND MACHINE-LIKE WHEN OBEYING FURAS' ORDERS!

WHEN WE BLASTED THAT CONTROL TOWER IT SHORT-CIRCUITED THEM... AND THEY DIED... EVERY LAST ROBOT.

BUT AREN'T THERE ANY SATURNIANS WHO WEREN'T FURAS' ROBOTS?



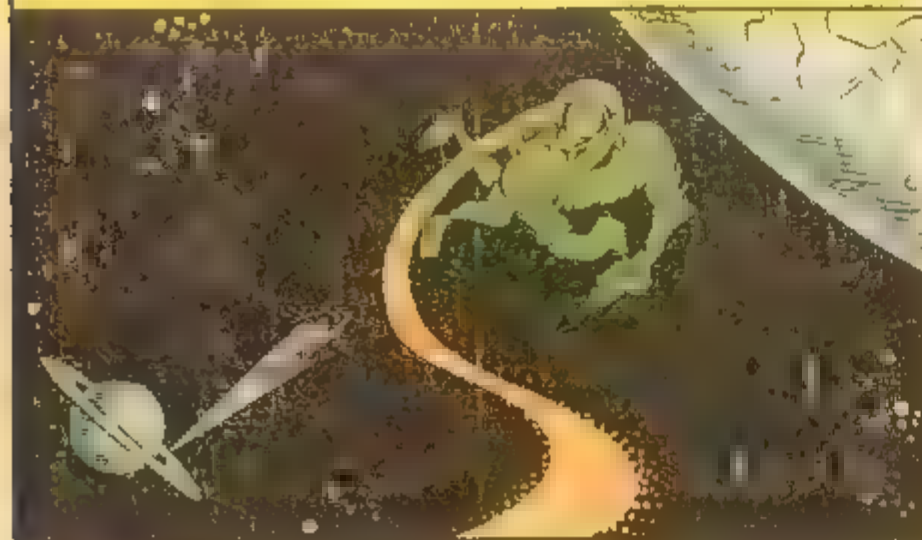
YES WE WHO CAME FROM THE UNDERGROUND... WE WHO HAD YET FOUGHT AGAINST FURAS! WE ARE NOT ROBOTS BUT TRUE SATURNIANS!

YOU HAVE LIBERATED US FROM A MADMAN'S DREAM! WE ARE GRATEFUL!

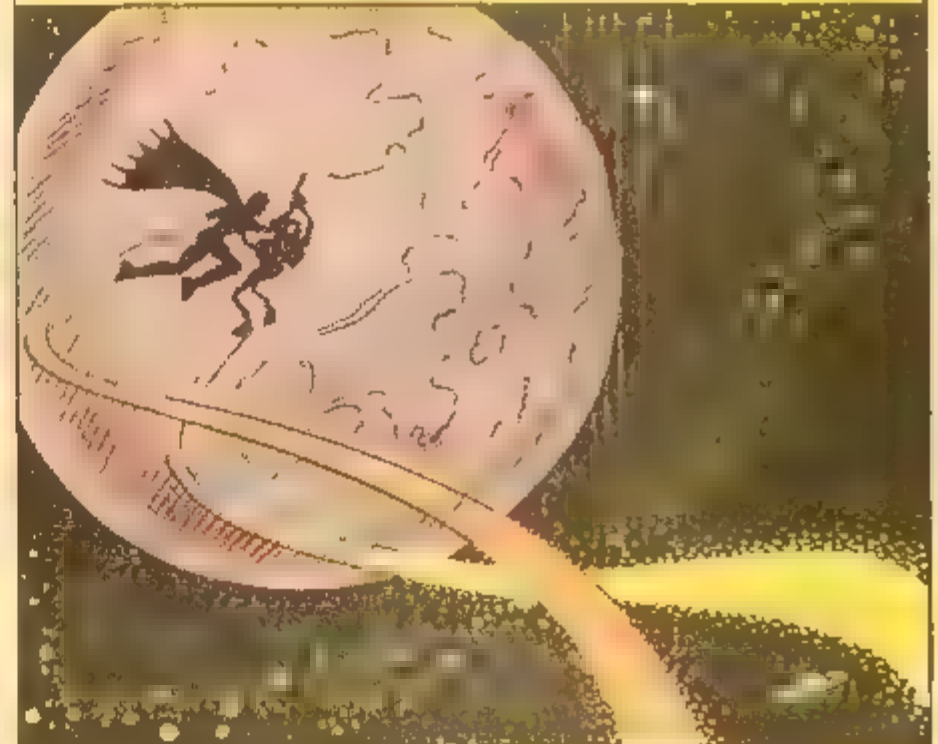




SWIFT AS A METEOR, "BATMAN" HURTTLES THROUGH SPACE... AS FURA WHEELS IN FLIGHT AND DRAWS A DISINTEGRATOR-PISTOL!



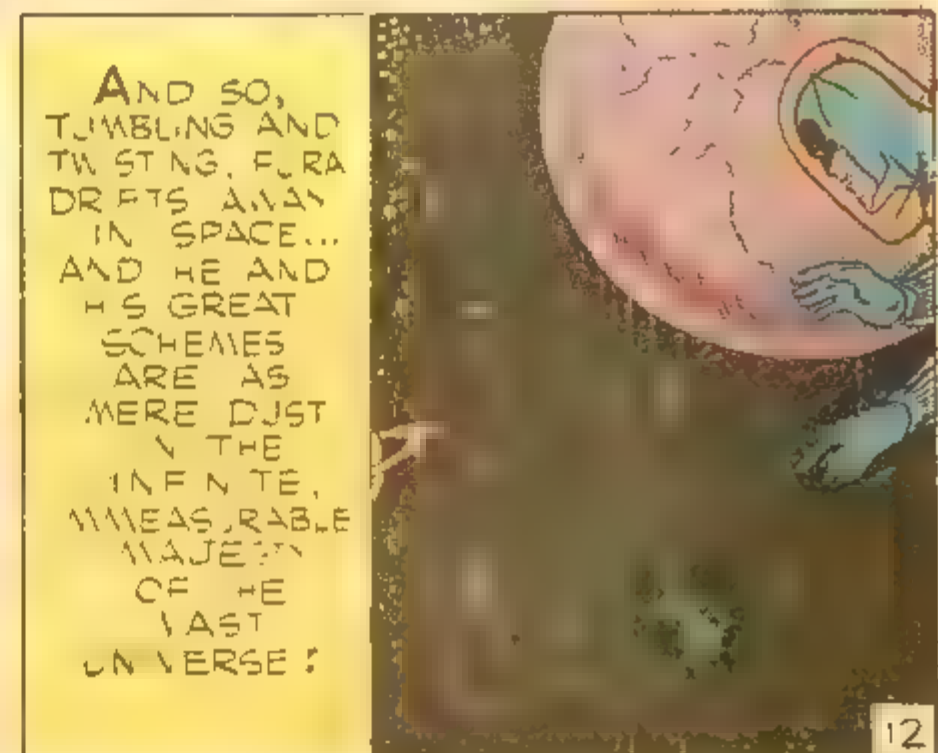
AND THERE, 2000 MILES IN THE STRATOSPHERE EARTHMAN AND SATURNAN LOCK IN A DEATH BATTLE!



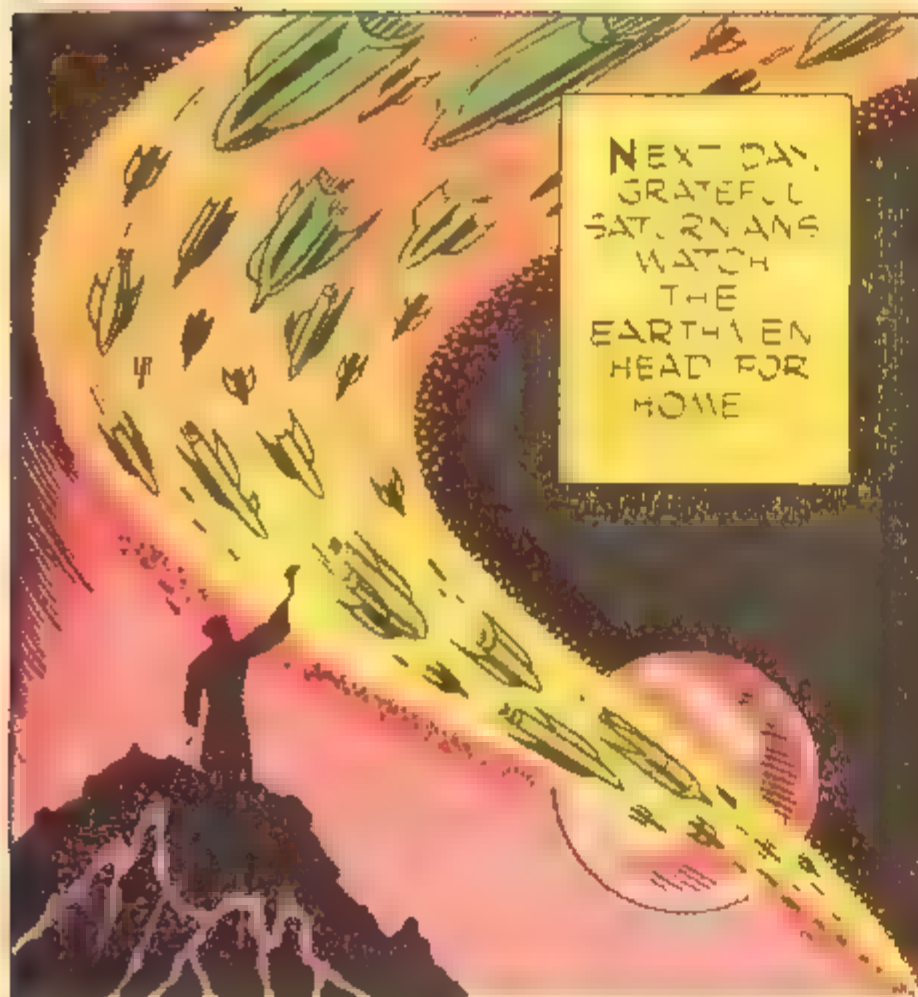
SUDDENLY, FURA TRIES TO PULL FREE! THE GUN BLASTS LURID FLAME... AND THEN...



\* EDITOR'S NOTE FURA WAS FREEZING TO DEATH BECAUSE THE AIR WAS RUSHING INTO THE HOLE IN HIS SUIT! AND IN THE STRATOSPHERE, SPACE NIGHT IS TWO HUNDRED DEGREES BELOW ZERO!





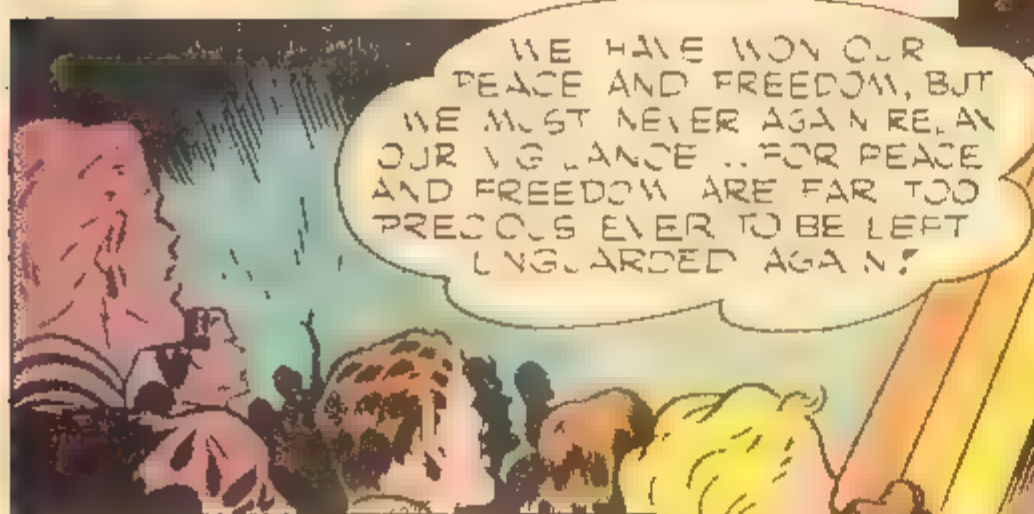
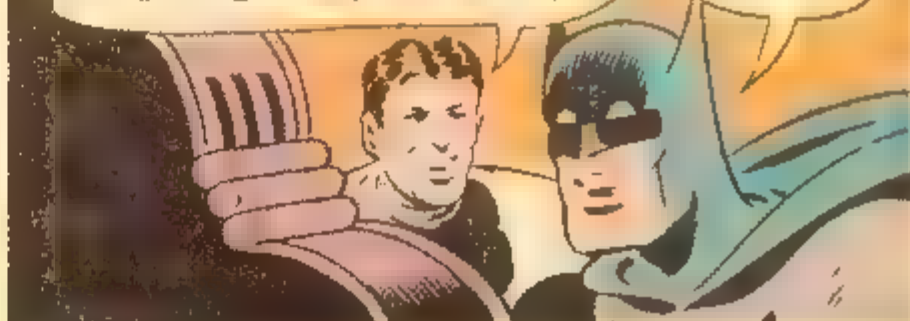


NEXT DAY,  
GRATEFUL  
SATURNANS  
WATCH  
THE  
EARTHEN  
HEAD FOR  
HOME

ON EARTH A TREMENDOUS Ovation Awaits  
THE RETURNING HEROES! AND IN A  
TELEVISION CONTROL BOOTH...

BATMAN... I MEAN BRANE  
THE PEOPLE ARE ASKING FOR  
YOU! WILL YOU SPEAK INTO  
THIS TELEVISION HERE?

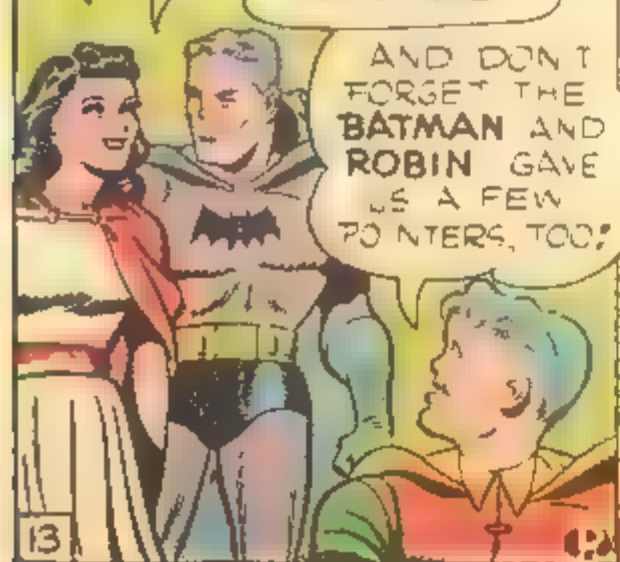
YES... I'LL  
SPEAK TO  
THEM!



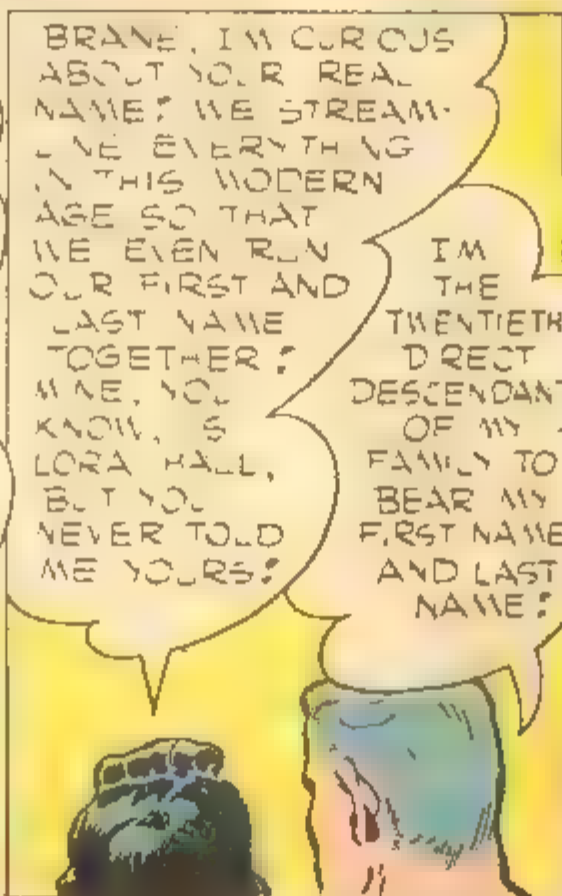
WE HAVE WON OUR  
PEACE AND FREEDOM, BUT  
WE MUST NEVER AGAIN RELAX  
OUR VIGILANCE... FOR PEACE  
AND FREEDOM ARE FAR TOO  
PRECIOUS EVER TO BE LEFT  
UNGUARDED AGAIN!

NOW WE  
CAN LOOK  
FORWARD  
TO THE  
FUTURE  
AND  
FORGET  
THE  
PAST!

NO LORAL! WE  
MUST NEVER FOR-  
GET THAT THE PAST  
REVEALS OUR GREAT  
MISTAKES AND  
GLORIES, BOTH! REMEMBER WE LIVE NOW BECAUSE OF  
A TEXT ON AMERICAN  
HISTORY... AND A  
BOOK ON COMMANDO  
WARFARE...



AND DON'T  
FORGET THE  
BATMAN AND  
ROBIN GAVE  
US A FEW  
POINTERS, TOO!



BRANE, I'M CURIOUS  
ABOUT YOUR REAL  
NAME! WE STREAM-  
LINE EVERYTHING  
IN THIS MODERN  
AGE SO THAT  
WE EVEN RUN  
OUR FIRST AND  
LAST NAME  
TOGETHER!  
WINE, YOU  
KNOW, IS  
LORAL HALL,  
BUT YOU  
NEVER TOLD  
ME YOURS!

I'M  
THE  
TWENTIETH  
DIRECT  
DESCENDANT  
OF MY  
FAMILY TO  
BEAR MY  
FIRST NAME  
AND LAST NAME!



BUT, I THOUGHT YOU  
KNEW IT WAS WAYNE...  
BRUCE WAYNE!



# FLYING MODELS OF FAMOUS FIGHTER PLANES



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- ✧ **RUGGED CONSTRUCTION.** Will fly hundreds of missions—indoors and out—without serious damage to ships.
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Box 8310, Chicago, Ill.  
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I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and five cents.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# NIGHT RIDER

by Tod Lowry

I REMEMBERED how Miss Abercrombie had looked during the afternoon when the message had come. Her face had gone white and she had whispered something to the farmer who had brought the note. Then, without so much as a warning for us to continue studying until school ended for the day, she had left.

I guess all we children knew something important was up. For months now our elders had been going around with stern faces. They had been meeting mysteriously and talking in whispers about things that had happened through the Colonies. In the Virginia colony people had been as much aroused as were we of Boston.

War was close. That much we knew, although I am sure that if I had spoken so to my father I would be chastised. We children had been warned to say nothing about a rebellion, to discuss nothing.

I remember what my father said:

"This is a grave step to take, Jamie. We cannot continue to live under unbearable taxes and the yoke of a tyrant. Frankly, my son, we do not know what course to pursue. We are like a Captain standing his bridge, but without his charts. And we, like him, do not know where we are going."

He went on then to say that under no circumstance must we children discuss the conduct of our elders, allow no suspicion to be attached to their goings and comings.

Naturally, I was thrilled to be taken so into my father's confidence and my spirits were high. To my brother Davie, in

bed that night, I said: "No demon nor redcoat could drag a secret from me, Davie. Just think, if we of Boston break with the king, Paw will be a soldier—a hero."

Davie always was a little more practical than I, although a year younger. He pooh-poohed my enthusiasm.

"Paw will still be only a blacksmith," he said. "The soldiers are the heroes. The army will need Paw to shoe the horses if they have any."

My anger rose, then quickly subsided as I saw the logic of his words. "Nevertheless," I cried, "he is the best blacksmith in all Boston. And if our Army horses are to be well shod, there is no man better fitted than Paw to do it."

Davie laughed. "Then let him do it," he said. "I am tired and wish to sleep."

I did not sleep much that night. Instead I lay looking out at the blanket of stars that covered our sleeping city. It all seemed so peaceful, so quiet. In the waters of the harbor, the frigates lay in black silhouette, surrounded by smaller craft. For once, there wasn't a British warship poised with guns ready to strike.

For we of Boston had been careful, I realized. After the tea party, the fighting had subsided as if by prearranged plan. The days that succeeded made the tense tranquillity seem almost oppressive. We attended school daily, played after school as was our custom, and did our chores. Yet the atmosphere seemed charged with violence to come.

I do not know what caused

this. Even today I cannot tell. As I write this, I am with General Washington, at a place called Valley Forge. It is bitterly cold here, so cold that it is almost impossible for me to hold drumsticks in hand.

But I am telling another story. The story I wish to tell is of a hero, my father. Yes, he was a hero, although I did not know it then.

I remember the night it happened. Davie and I were in bed, having been sent there earlier than usual. Both my brother and I were wondering about this strange conduct on the part of our elders. All day, they had seemed preoccupied. So, too, had the people of Boston. Their faces had been set, grim. And I, seeing them, had the feeling that something at last was going to happen.

But what? Talking it over with a half-sleepy Davie was no solution. Downstairs, the Rev. Fawkes, Peters the book-binder, and my father, were talking in whispers. Outwardly, the gathering was only for the purpose of a friendly talk, but I knew this to be false. Every now and then, Mr. Peters would forget to whisper and his voice would waft upstairs to us. Twice I caught the words, 'warning' and 'ride'.

What did they mean? I could make no sense of them. I began to feel drowsy, I nodded, and then, suddenly, I was fast asleep.

It was the loud knocking on our door downstairs which disturbed my slumbers. In the room next to ours I heard my father stir, then go downstairs.

A buzz of excited conversation set my senses to raising. I



shook Davie. "We've got an important visitor downstairs," I said excitedly. "I'm sure of it."

Davie looked at me in the moonlight with eyes heavy-lidded with sleep. "You're dreaming," he said drowsily. "Now please let me sleep." Without further ado, he rolled over into heavy slumber again. Sleep for me was out of the question. My mind raced, seeking an answer to the question of the identity of our nocturnal visitor.

And it was just as well I could not sleep. The door to our room opened, and my father's form filled the doorway. He came to the bed, stood over us.

"Asleep, Jamie boy?" he whispered.

"No sir," I said. "I was awakened by the knocking. Has something happened?"

For a moment, I thought my father was going to say something important. His chin was set and his eyes were hard. Instead, he said: "I need your help with the bellows at the forge. I must shoe a man's horse."

Disappointment welled up within me. I called myself a fool and a dreamer. I had been conjuring up visions of a secret rendezvous. Perhaps this stranger was a courier from the Virginia colony, to tell us that down South a blow had been struck. And all the while he was only an itinerant horseman. Rather disgustedly, I got out of bed and dressed hastily.

The man was waiting downstairs, impatiently pacing the floor. I looked at his stocky frame and thought, "It is well for you, stranger, that my father has so great a love for horses. No other blacksmith in all Boston would allow himself to be aroused from his sleep to shoe a horse."

My anger knew no bounds when the stranger said, rather testily: "We'll have to hurry,

Mr. Finch. There is no time to spare." I expected my father to make an angry retort, and was quite surprised when he said, meekly: "I will make all possible haste."

I walked with my father to our shop, and the stranger, who had lapsed into silence, led his horse beside us. In a few moments, I was busy at the bellows, and I must confess that never had I worked so hard. Not a moment's peace would this impatient stranger give us, and I hoped inwardly that my father would charge him a large sum for services rendered. After all, my father was the best blacksmith in the Massachusetts colony.

He proved this, too, beyond all shadow of doubt. His finest shoes went onto the legs of the animal who seemed as impatient as his master. I smiled to myself. "Now, Mister Impatience," I mused. "You will really pay for this."

I was wrong. Wrong and dumbfounded. When the stranger took out his wallet, my father hastily thrust it toward him.

"I want no money," he said. "It is little enough service to render."

The stranger looked at him. "Bless you, James Finch," he said. "You are really one of us."

One of us? I stared blankly at my father as the man hastily rode away from us. The horse's new shoes rang loudly on the cobblestones.

"What's the matter, Jamie-boy," my father inquired, noting the look on my face. "You seem quite surly."

"I am sorry, sir," I said. "But it does not seem quite fair that you should be roused from bed, put your best set of shoes on a stranger's horse, and then not be paid. Should you have refused payment for being up until dawn? See, the sky is already beginning to lighten."

My father's voice was low. "Take money on this day?" he said softly. "Nay." He shook his head. "I believe that neither I, nor you, nor they who will come after you, will ever forget this eighteenth day of April, 1775. Nor that rider."

"Rider?" I cried, unable to conceal my surprise. "You did not even know his name, Sir."

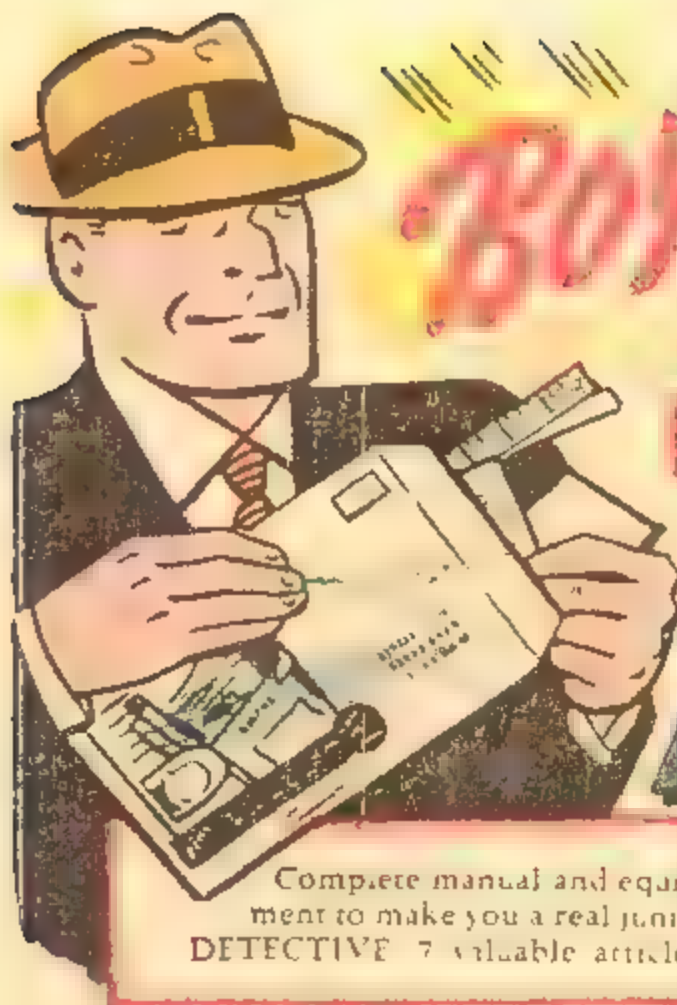
My father smiled. "I did, Jamie-boy," he said. "I should have introduced you to Mr. Paul Revere, the metalsmith." He put his arm around my shoulders. "Come now, Jamie-boy," he said softly. "Back to your sleep. Only the Lord knows how much more sleep we will get in the days to come."

You tell it to  
SOMEONE  
who repeats it to  
SOMEONE  
who's overheard by  
SOMEONE  
in Axis pay, so  
SOMEONE  
you know . . . may die!

Office of  
War Information  
Washington, D. C.



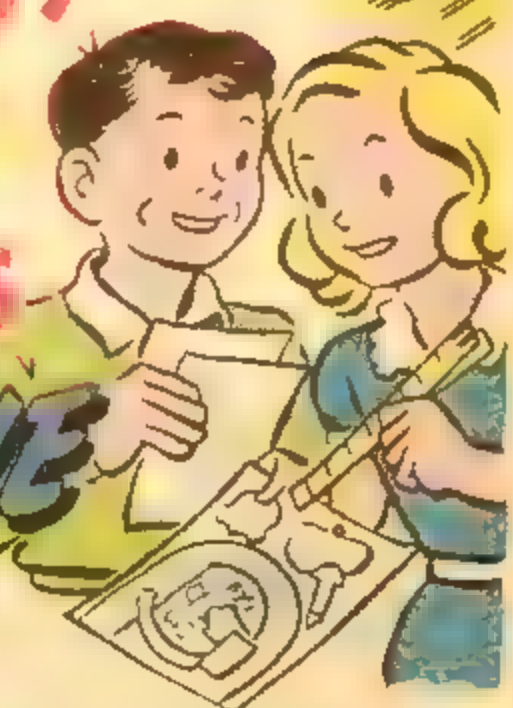




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AT YOUR GROCER'S  
NO RATION POINTS

# Capt. **TOOTSIE** and the **TOY CANNON**

THE WICKED DE NARSTY WHO LOVES TO MAKE SMALL CHILDREN UNHAPPY IS ENJOYING HIMSELF!

TAKE THAT HOOT-N'-ZOOT'S LITTLE CANNON STEALING A TOOT FOR TOOTSIE

WHEN ROLLO TOOTS FOR TOOTSIE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE COMES A RINN NG

HA HA, HO HO, HO TRYING TO HURT ME WITH A CORK BULLET HA HO!

HEH HEH YOU'LL GET WEAKER AND WEAKER CAPTAIN TOOTSIE BECAUSE WITH THAT CORK IN YOUR MOUTH YOU CAN'T EAT TOOTSIE ROLLS FOR ENERGY

BUT ROLLO AND THE SECRET LEGION CAME TO THE RESCUE

THANKS "PALS!" POP!

CURSES I MUST FLEE!

NOT SO FAST DE NARSTY! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO PRISON AGAIN

BOY I'M GLAD WE'VE BEEN EATING TOOTSIE ROLLS REGULARLY THEY GAVE US THE EXTRA ENERGY TO HELP OUR CAPTAIN





BATMAN



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

- THE BOY WONDER -

GUARDED BY IMPASSABLE CLIFFS, ROCKED WITH SHEDDING ROCK, AN ANCIENT CITY OF RED MEN FLOURISHES IN THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST. MODERN SINCE THE DAYS OF THE CRUEL SPANISH CONQUEST ADORES PEACE AND CONTENTMENT DWELL THERE - THE FUGITIVE MURDERERS DROP FROM THE CLOUDS TO KILL AND LOOT! BUT THERE IS NO SAFE HARBOR PLACE FOR FUGITIVES WHEN THE BATMAN AND ROBIN PURSUE--AND DESPITE TREACHERY AND DEADLY PERILS--THE RIGHTEOUS WITH AND THUNDERING FISTS CLAIM AN AMAZING VICTORY FOR JUSTICE WHEN--

**"CRIME COMES  
to LOST MESA!"**







SMUGGLED TOMMY GUNS  
LOOSE SHATTERING DEATH  
IN A SOUTHWESTERN  
PRISON YARD....



TOO BAD WE  
AINT GOT MORE  
TARGETS, RANDY?

YEAH--  
DIS S  
FUN?

AND DYNAMITE BLASTS A WAY TO FREEDOM  
FOR TWO DESPERATE LIFERS ...



WE  
MAKE OUR  
OWN  
GATE EH  
MONK?

YA  
SAD  
IT?

AT A NEARBY AIRPORT...



DON'T SHOOT?  
I'LL TAKE YOU  
WHEREVER  
YOU SAY?

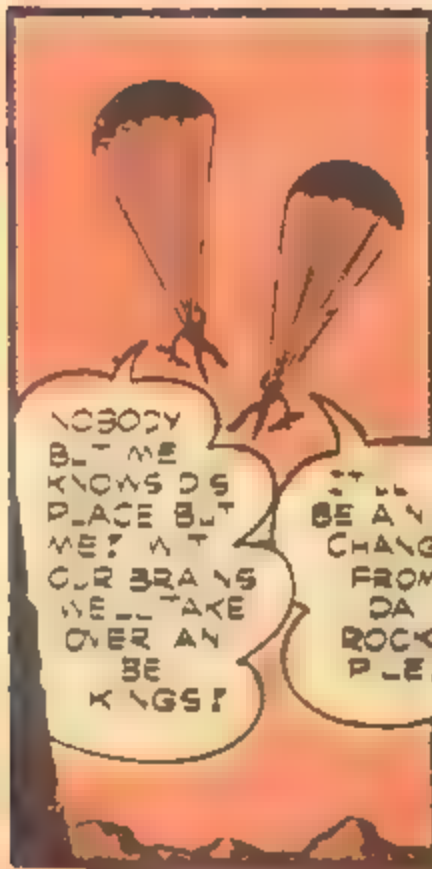
YA  
BETTER?

AT DAWN OVER DESOLATE MESA COUNTRY...



NO  
SIGNS O  
LIFE YA  
SURE DAT'S  
DA PLACE  
RANDY?

SO SURE  
I'M IN SHN  
DE GUY RGH  
NOW?



NOBODY  
BUT ME  
KNOWS DS  
PLACE BUT  
ME? A T  
OUR BRANS  
WE'LL TAKE  
OVER AN  
BE  
KINGS?

IT'LL  
BE ANCE  
CHANGE  
FROM  
DA  
ROCK  
PLE?

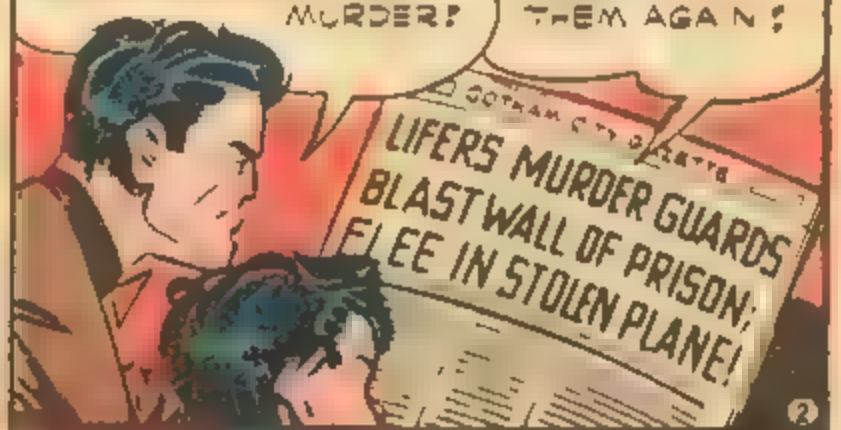
MANY MILES  
AWAY A  
FUELLESS  
PLANE WITH  
A LIFELESS  
PILOT  
SHATTERS  
AGAINST  
A CLIFF



THAT SAME MORN'G, IN BRUCE WAYNE'S  
HOME IN DISTANT GOTHAM CITY...

MONK SARDO AND  
RANDY ROOSE - THE  
RATS BATMAN AND  
ROBIN SENT UP FOR  
MURDER?

AND THE  
BATMAN AND  
ROBIN ARE  
GONG AFTER  
THEM AGAIN?

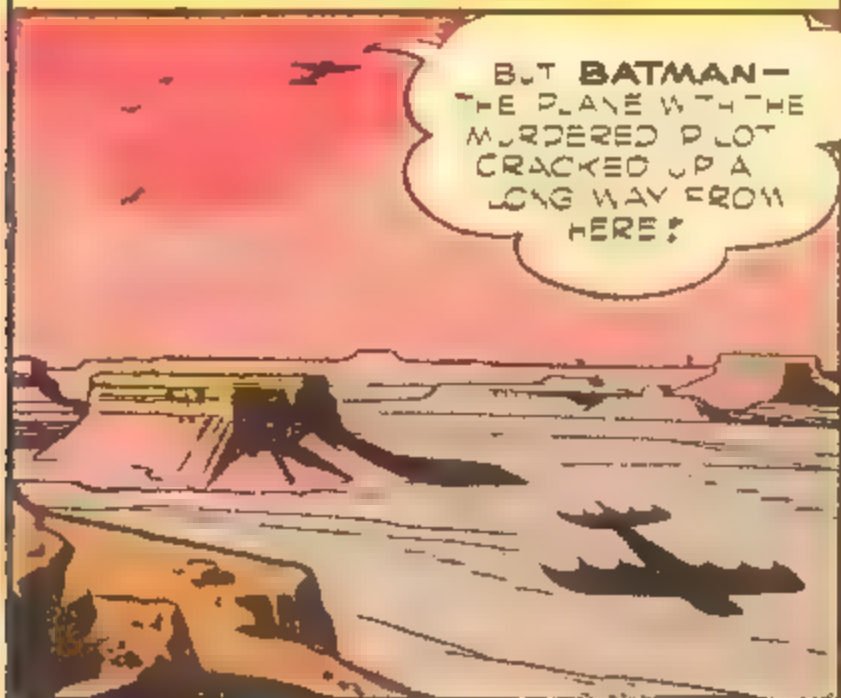


LIFERS MURDER GUARDS  
BLAST WALL OF PRISON;  
FLEE IN STOLEN PLANE!



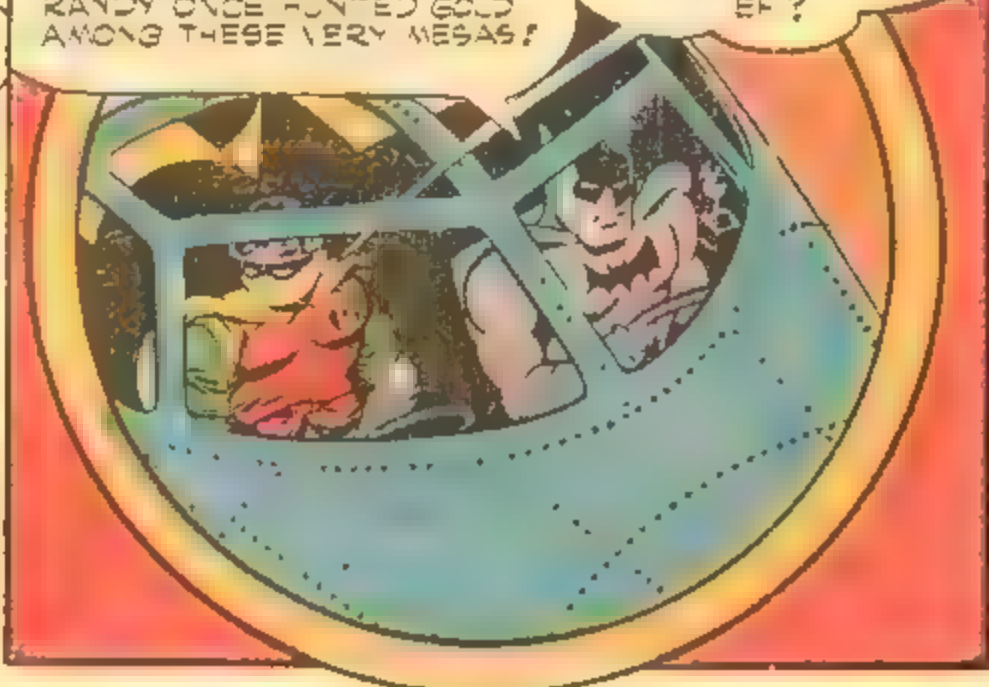
SO IT IS THAT SOON THE DESERT KNOWS  
THE FLITTING SHADOW OF A WEIRD CRAFT—  
THE BATPLANE!

BUT BATMAN—  
THE PLANE WITH THE  
MURDERED PLOT  
CRACKED UP A  
LONG WAY FROM  
HERE?



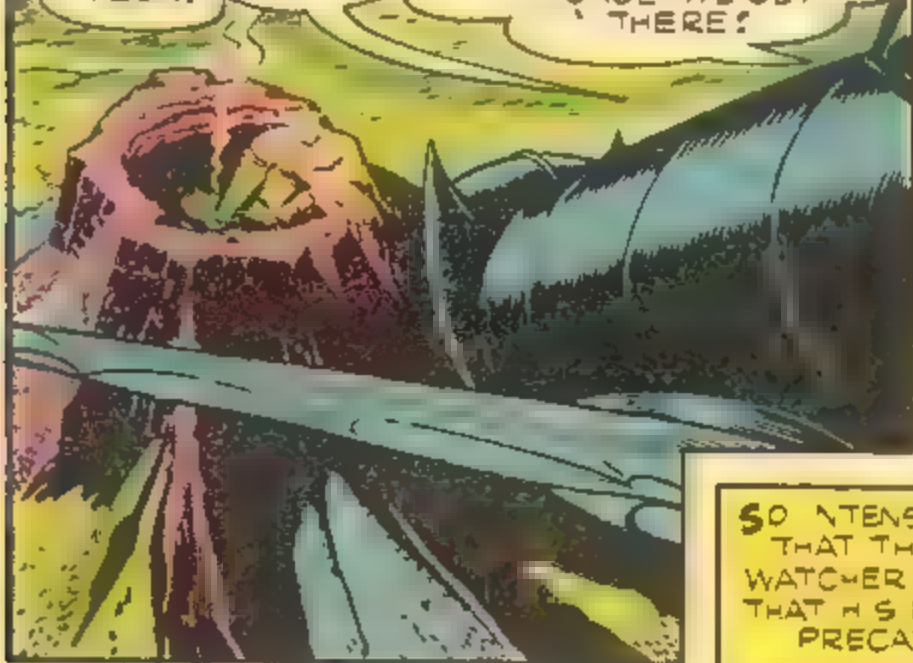
YOU FORGET ROBIN—  
RANDY AND MONK JUST  
HAVE GOT CLIMB FIRST?  
AND I'VE LEARNED THAT  
RANDY ONCE HUNTED GOLD  
AMONG THESE VERY MESAS?

AND YOU THINK  
HE MAY HAVE  
SPOTTED A GOOD  
HIDEOUT  
EH?



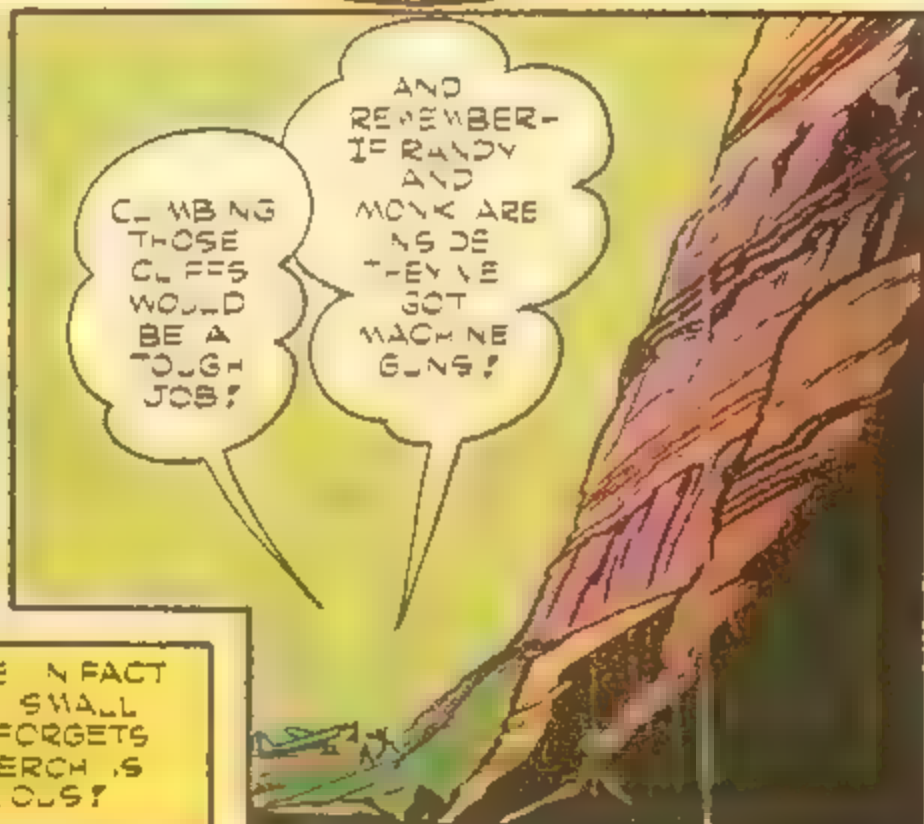
LOOK — SMOKE —  
COMING FROM THE  
VALLEY INSIDE THAT  
MESA?

RIGHT! AND WHERE  
THERE'S SMOKE THERE'LL  
BE FIREWORKS —  
ONCE WE GET  
THERE!



CLIMBING  
THOSE  
CLIFFS  
WOULD  
BE A  
TOUGH  
JOB!

AND  
REMEMBER—  
IF RANDY  
AND  
MONK ARE  
INSIDE  
THEY'VE  
GOT  
MACHINE  
GUNS!



SO INTENSE IN FACT  
THAT THE SHALL  
WATCHER FORGETS  
THAT HIS PERCH IS  
PRECARIOUS!

SHARP EYES WATCH EVERY MOVE  
OF THE NEWCOMERS WITH  
INTENSE INTEREST...

GREAT BIRD-THAT-  
FLIES-WITH-BATWINGS  
BRINGS MIGHTY  
WARRIORS!

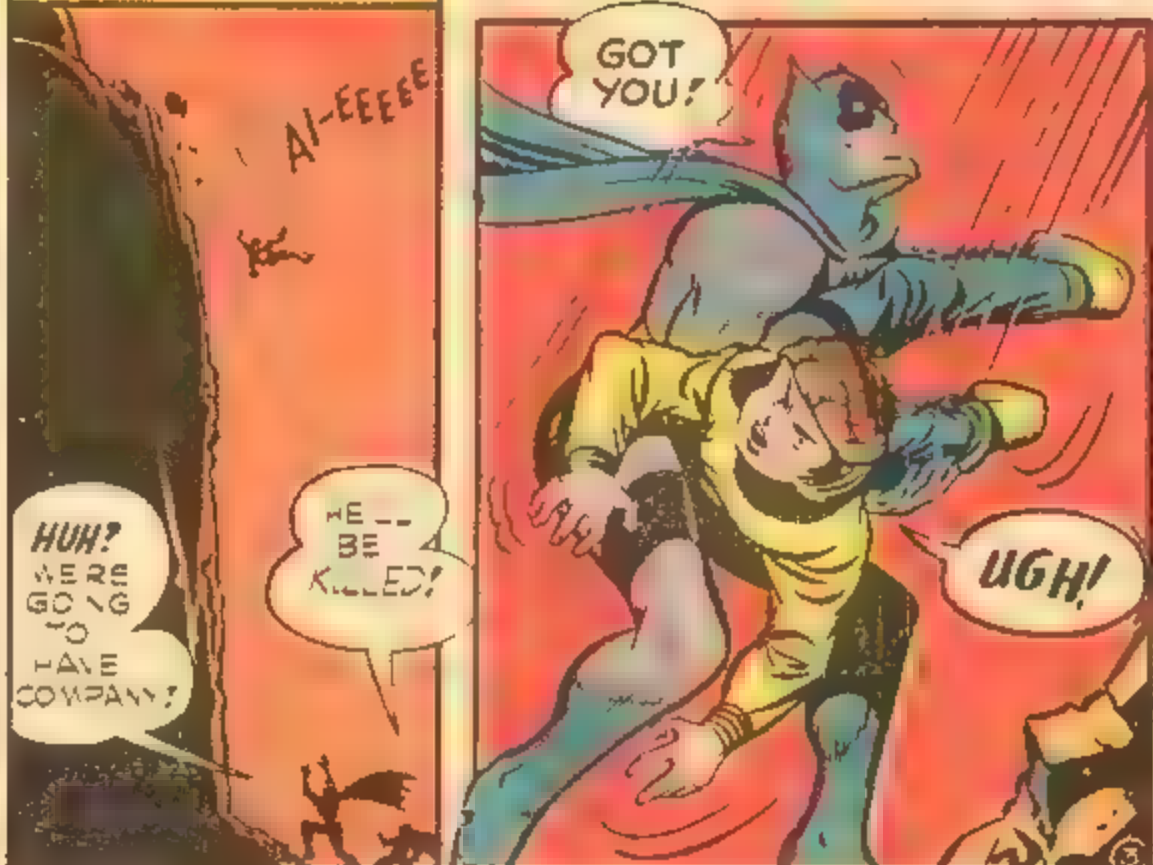


HUH?  
WERE  
GOING  
TO  
HAVE  
COMPANY?

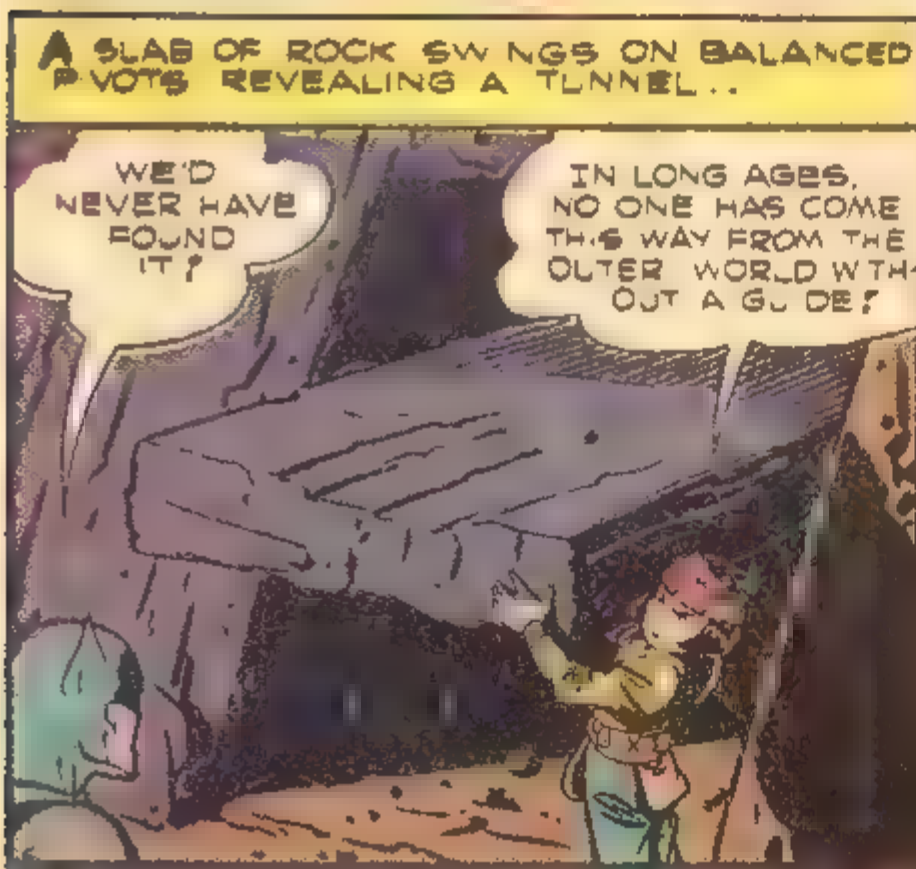
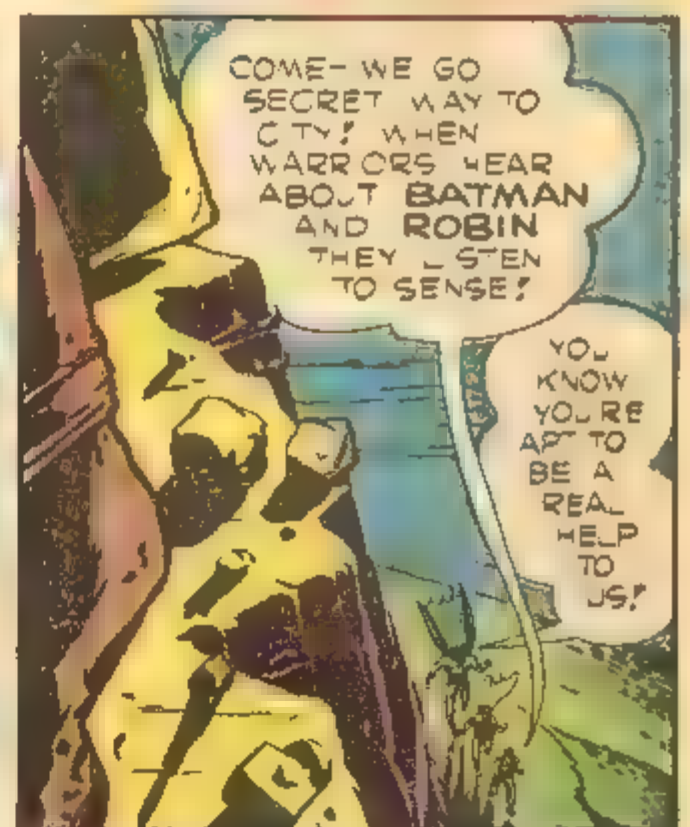
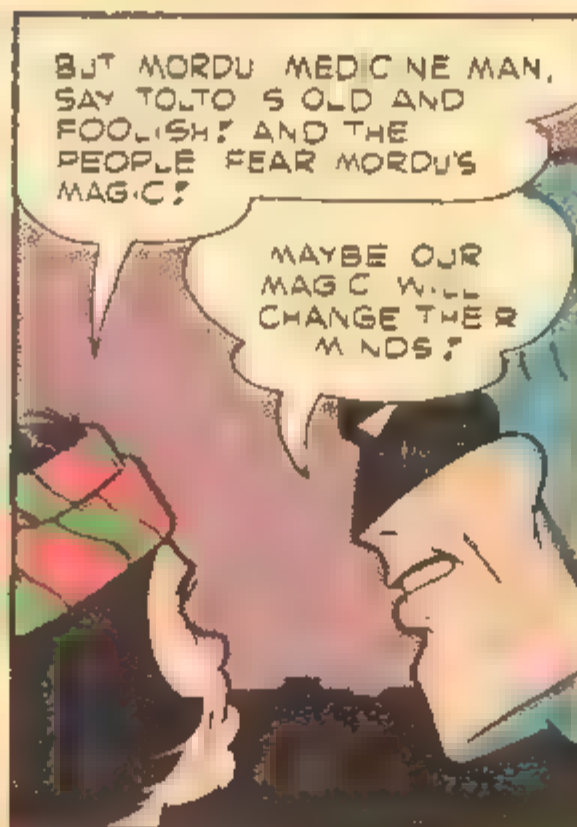
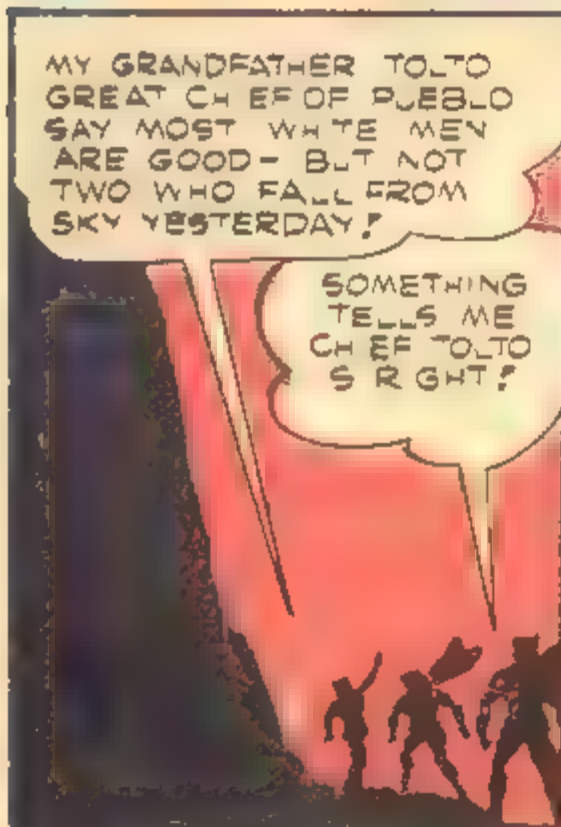
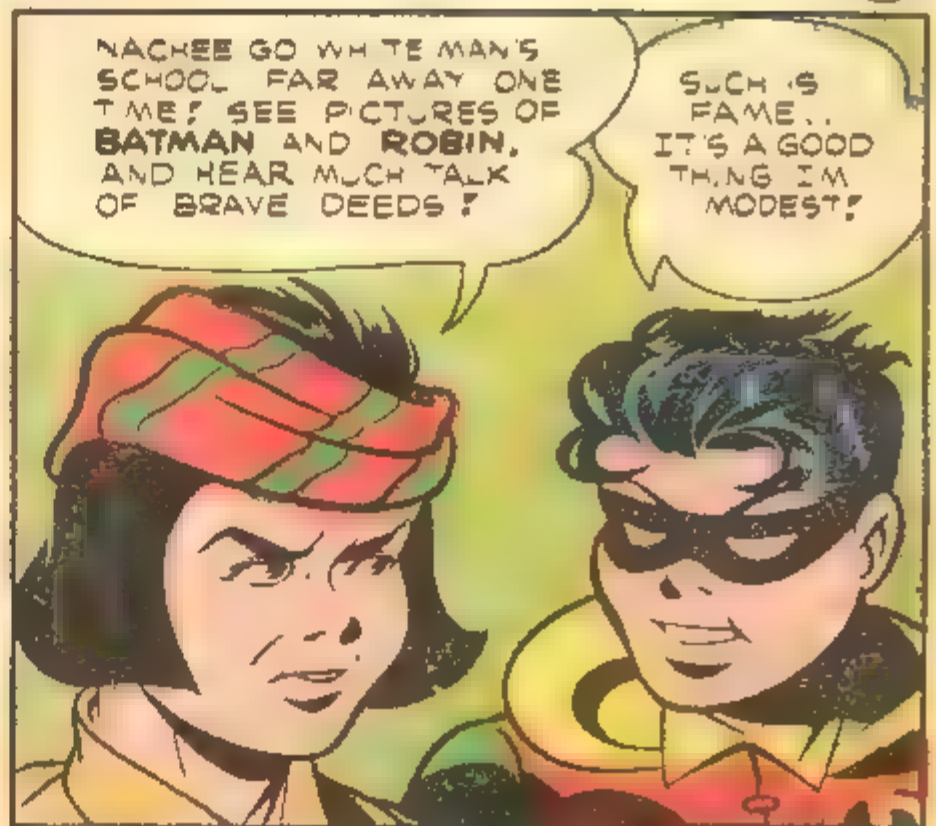
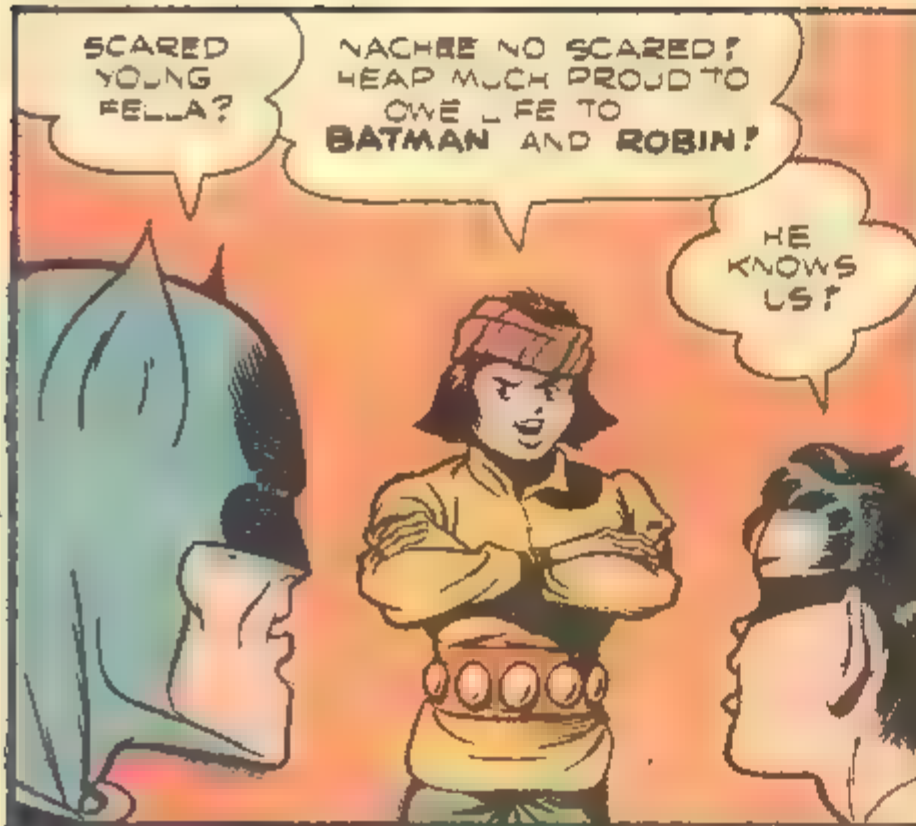
WE'LL  
BE  
KILLED!

GOT  
YOU?

UGH!











A MOMENT LATER THE ADVENTURERS STAND IN STUNNED AMAZEMENT BEFORE SUCH A SIGHT AS FEW WHITE MEN HAVE EVER GAZED UPON?

EXACTLY AS I MUST HAVE BEEN THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO! I NEVER HAVE BELIEVED THAT SOME ONE HAD TOLD ME!

THIS IS THE PUEBLO OF LOST MESA - THE HOME OF MY PEOPLE!

NO WONDER I WAS REVEALED UNDISCOVERED! THOSE OVERHANGING CLIFFS HIDE IT FROM THE AIR!



OKA NAPI HO!

WHO'S HE AND WHAT'S HE SAYING?

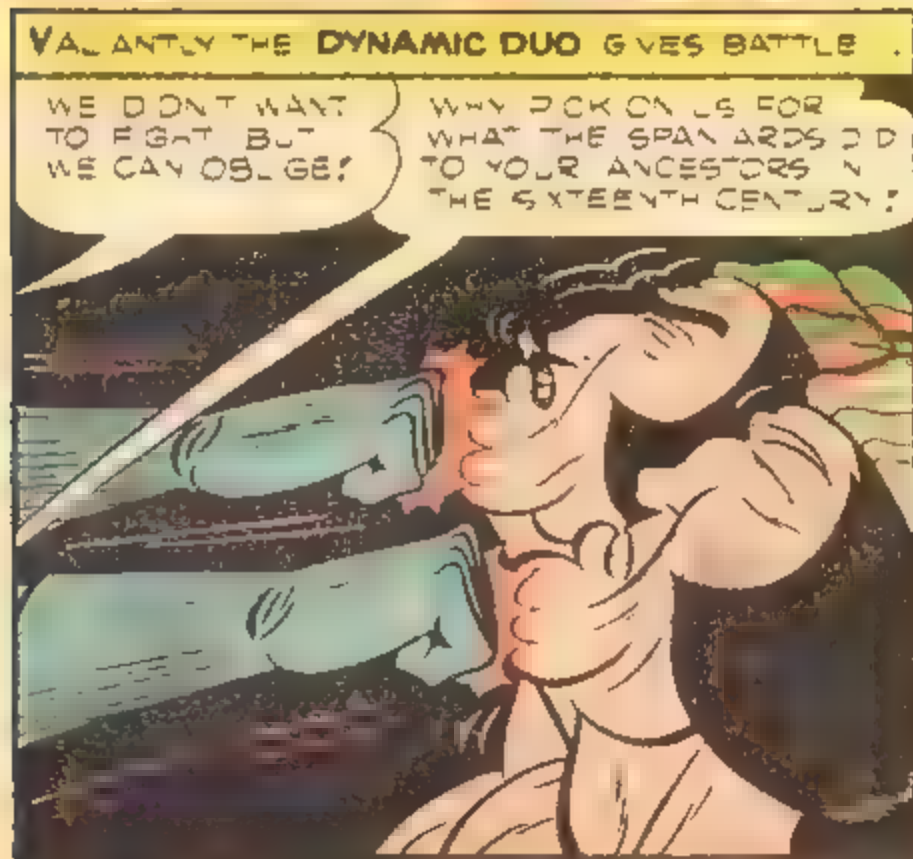
IT'S A WORD THE MEDICINE MAN! HE'S COMING WARNING THE WARRIORS TO KILL YOU!

LITTLE NACHEE IS GIVEN NO CHANCE TO INTRODUCE HIS NEW FRIENDS...

DEATH TO OUR PALEFACE ENEMIES!

NO! THESE ARE MY FRIENDS! THEY COME IN PEACE!... UGH!

I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE FRENCHMAN ROBIN! WERE IN A TOUGH SPOT!



VALIANTLY THE DYNAMIC DUO GIVES BATTLE...

WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT BUT WE CAN OBLIGE!

WHY DOCK ON US FOR WHAT THE SPANARDS DID TO YOUR ANCESTORS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY?



BUT OVERWHELMING ODDS WIN IN THE END!

HA!

AAAA

I DON'T LIKE TOMAHAWKS!



AS SPEARS POSE FOR DEATH-THRUSTS A WHITE-HAIRED COMMANDING FIGURE ARRIVES UPON THE SCENE?

CEASE! TOLTO YOUR CHIEF COMMANDS IT! SINCE WHEN HAVE WE SLAIN PRISONERS WITHOUT TAKING COUNSEL?

BUT THESE ARE PALE-FACES WHO HAVE COME TO HARM US!

THESE ARE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, GREAT WARRIORS AMONG THEIR OWN PEOPLE!

SILENCE, BOY!... VERY WELL TOLTO— HAVE THE PRISONERS THROWN INTO THE PIT! I SHALL SEEK THE ADVICE OF THE SPIRITS!

NO— THEY ARE BUT ORDINARY WHITE MEN WHO HAVE LEAPED FROM AN IRON BIRD! I HAVE LIVED AMONG PALEFACES, AND I KNOW!

THIS IS GREAT MAGIC! TREAT THEM WELL!

THEY ARE STRANGERS FROM THE MOON!

THE OUTLOOK IS DARK INDEED FOR THE FAMOUS CRIME-CRUSHERS ---AND TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IS BEHIND THEIR VIOLENT RECEPTION WE MUST RETURN TO THE DAWN OF THE PRECEDING DAY WHEN THE ESCAPED PRISONERS APPEARED DRAMATICALLY TO THE SIMPLE PEOPLE OF **LOST MESA!**

WE COME TO WARN YA DAT CROOKED WHITE MEN HAVE GOT WISE TO LOST MESA AN MIGHT COME HERE TA ROB YA!

AI-EEEE! WE MUST FLEE!

NO! WE MUST FIGHT!

PALEFACE IS LYING! TOLTO REMEMBER HOW HE CAME HERE SEVEN SUMMERS AGO AND STOLE MUCH TREASURE!

ME? WHY, CHIEF I WOULDN'T DO NUTTIN' LIKE DAT!

TOLTO FOUND THIS PALEFACE DYING OF THIRST IN THE DESERT AND CARRIED HIM HERE TO GET WELL! HE LEFT BY NIGHT WITH ALL HE COULD STEAL!

TOLTO IS WRONG! I MIGHT REMEMBER PALEFACE THERE— BUT HE IS NOT THIS MAN!





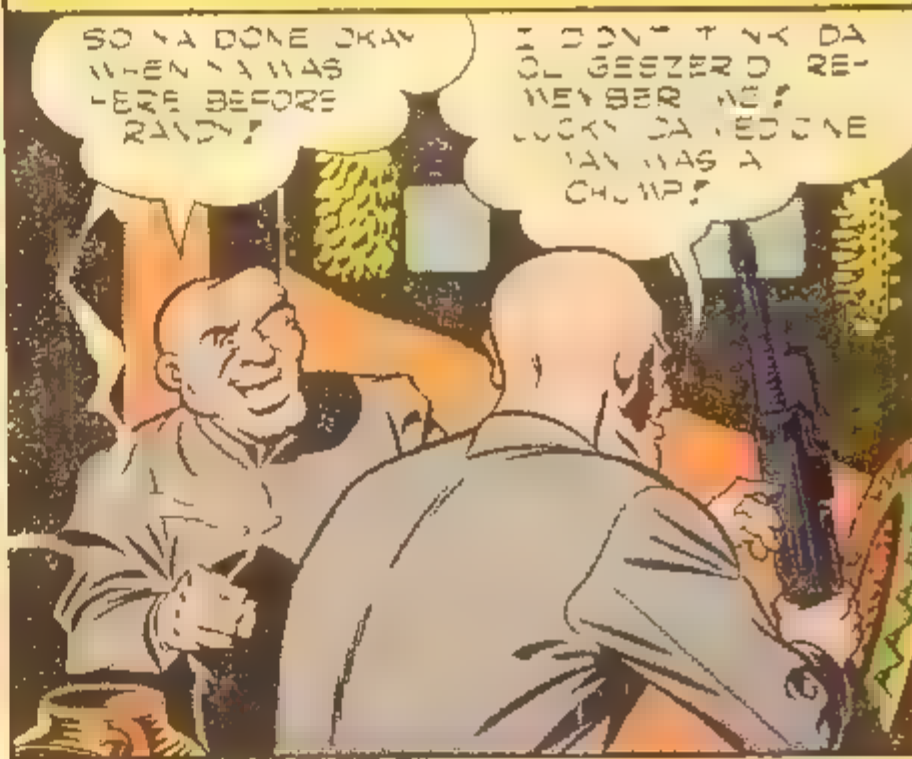
## MORDU APPEALS TO TRIBAL SUPERSTITIONS



THE SPIRITS OF EARTH AND AIR SAY THESE WHITE MEN ARE FRIENDS! WILL YOU BELIEVE THE SPIRITS—OR ONE WHO HAS GROWN OLDISH WITH TOO MANY YEARS?

THE SPIRITS! WHO WOULD DARE DISBELIEVE?

## LATER IN THE HOUSE ASSIGNED TO THEM...



SO YA DONE OKAY WHEN YA WAS HERE BEFORE RABBY?

I DON'T THINK DA OL GEEZER'D REMEMBER ME! LUCKY DA RED ONE YA WAS A CHUMP!

BUT MORDU IT SEEMS S SOMETHING WORSE THAN A CHUMP!

DO NOT LAUGH TOO SOON! I REMEMBER YOU, THE PEOPLE WOULD BEAT YOU TO DEATH IF I TOLD THEM!



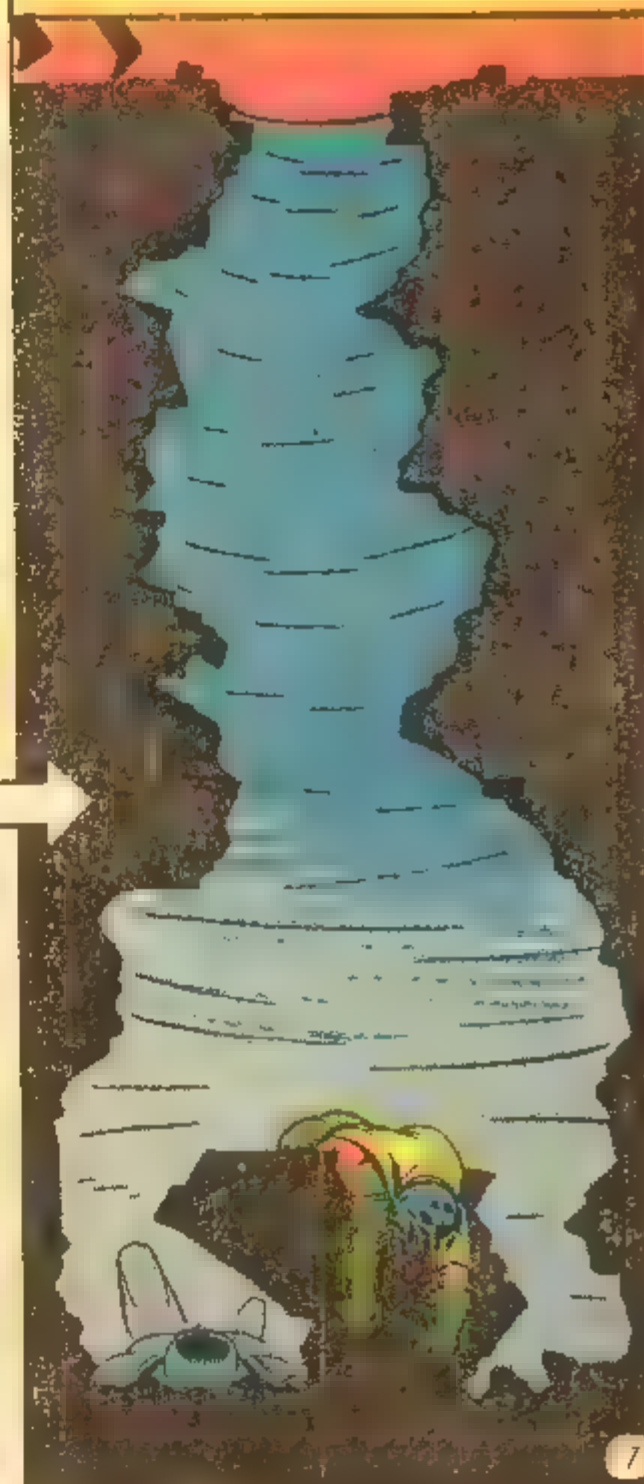
WHA-?

BUT I HAVE TWENTY GRAVES PREPARED TO REVOLT AGA VST TOLTO? THEY ARE ENOUGH—IF YOU AD THEM WITH YOUR GUNS!

SO YA WANTA BE CHIEF FLY?



ROBIN JONES IS MIGHTY PARTNER IN THE BLACK REGIONS OF INSENSIBILITY AS THEIR BRUISED BODIES SPRAWL SIDE BY SIDE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT!



OKAY, WE'LL HELP—PROVIDIN YA SPIT DA BOODLE WITH US AN KILL ANYBODY DAT MIGHT COME HUNTIN US!

MORDU GIVES HIS WORD!

DAT FIXES EVERY-THING!



AND NOW A DAY LATER MORDU INTENDS TO FULFILL THE SECOND HALF OF HIS BARGAIN!

HAW, HAW? NOW WERE EVEN WITH DA BATMAN AN ROBIN!

YOU RATS!—WATTL WE GET EVEN WITH YOU!

BUDD AFRE TO CALL THE DEATH SPIRITS!





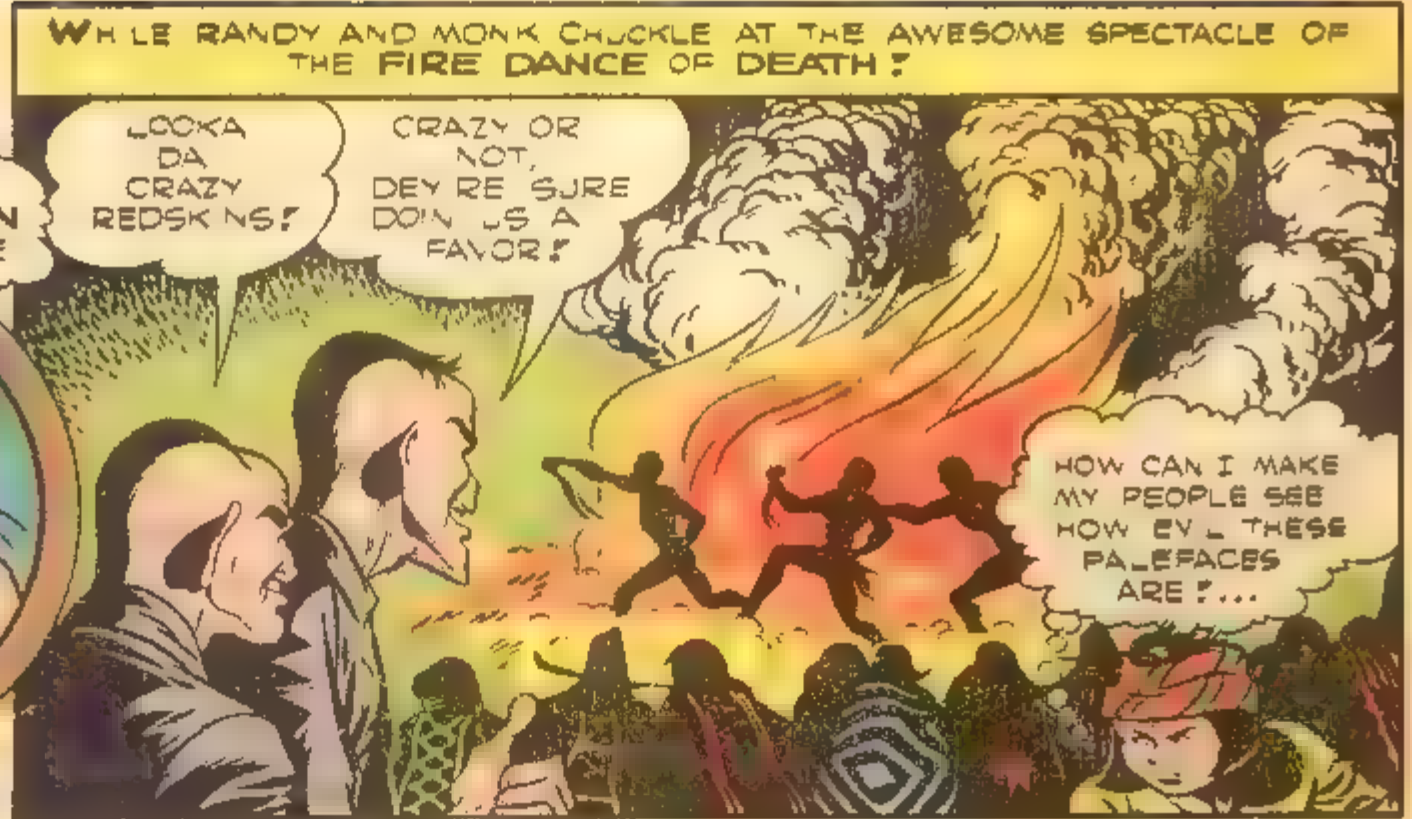
A STRICKEN BOY  
FIGHTS MANFULLY  
AGAINST SMARTING  
TEARS...

BATMAN AND ROBIN  
DE— UNLESS NACHEE  
MAKE BIG MAGIC  
HEAP QUICK!

LOOKA  
DA  
CRAZY  
REDSKINS!

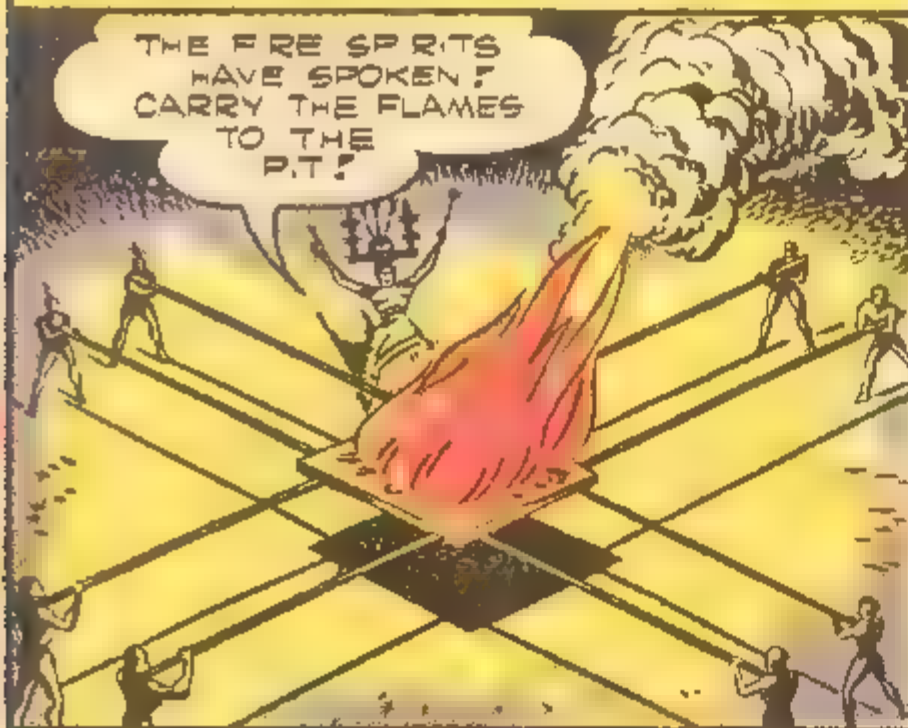
CRAZY OR  
NOT,  
DEY RE SURE  
DOIN US A  
FAVOR!

HOW CAN I MAKE  
MY PEOPLE SEE  
HOW EVIL THESE  
PALEFACES  
ARE?...



SUDDENLY, THE DANCERS LIFT THE GREAT  
FIRE ON A LITTER OF LONG POLES...

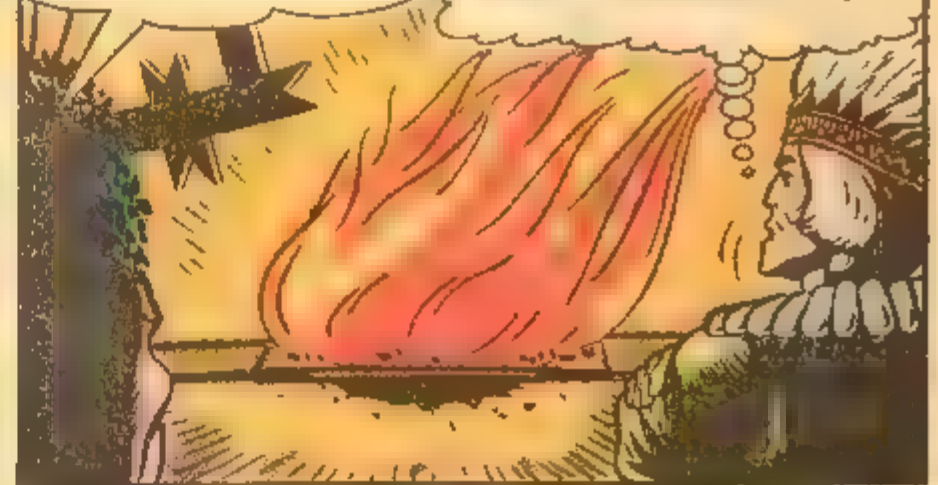
THE FIRE SPIRITS  
HAVE SPOKEN!  
CARRY THE FLAMES  
TO THE  
PIT!



... AND PLACE IT OVER THE PRISON WHERE  
AMERICA'S GREATEST CRIME-FIGHTERS  
LIE!

IF THE SPIRITS DO  
NOT WISH THE  
PRISONERS TO DIE  
THEY WILL PUT  
OUT THE FLAMES!

THEY ARE DOOMED BY  
A WHIM OF MORDU—  
BUT WHAT CAN I DO  
WHEN ALL MY WARRIORS  
BELIEVE THE SPIRITS  
HAVE ORDERED IT?

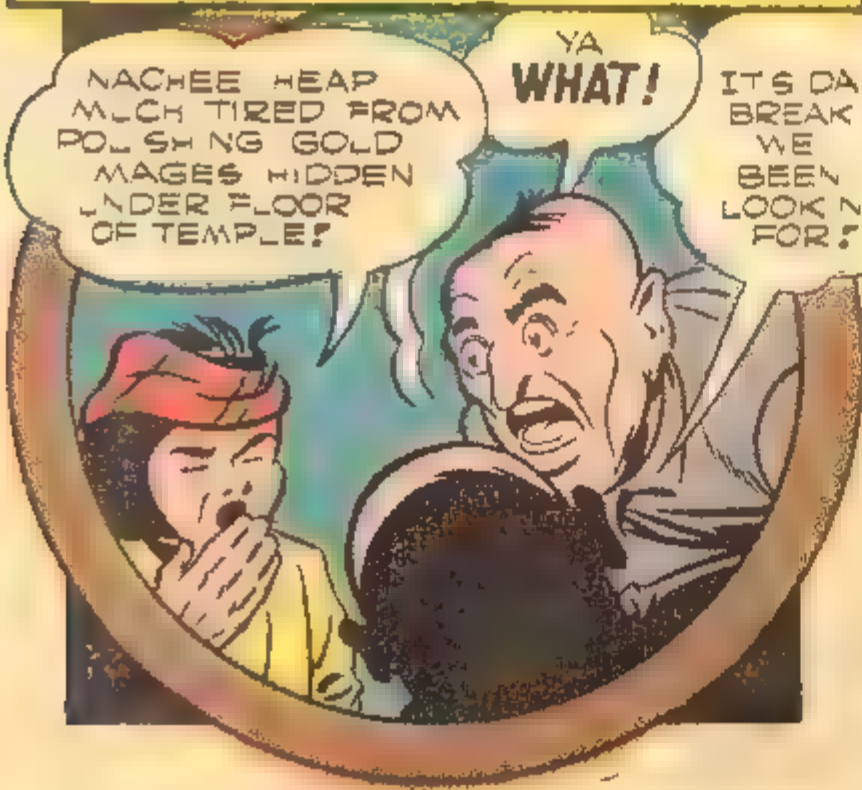


NACHEE RISKS ALL ON A SUBTLE PLAN...

NACHEE HEAP  
MUCH TIRED FROM  
POLISHING GOLD  
MAGES HIDDEN  
UNDER FLOOR  
OF TEMPLE!

YA  
WHAT!

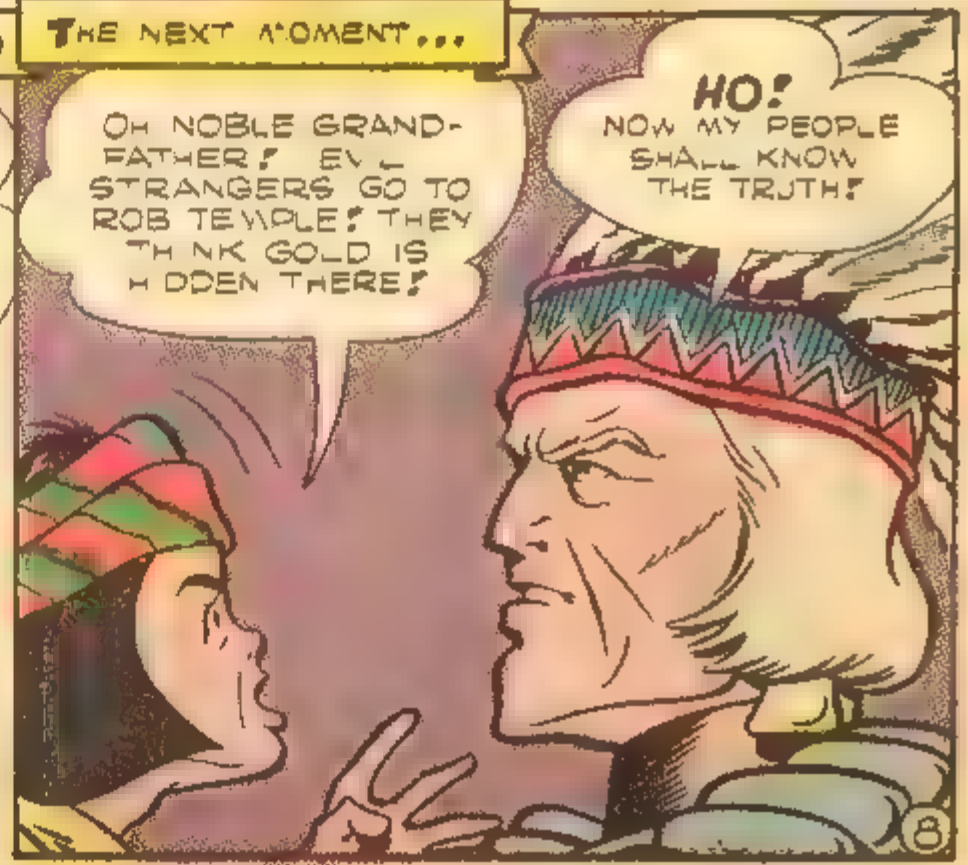
IT'S DA  
BREAK  
WE  
BEEN  
LOOKIN  
FOR!



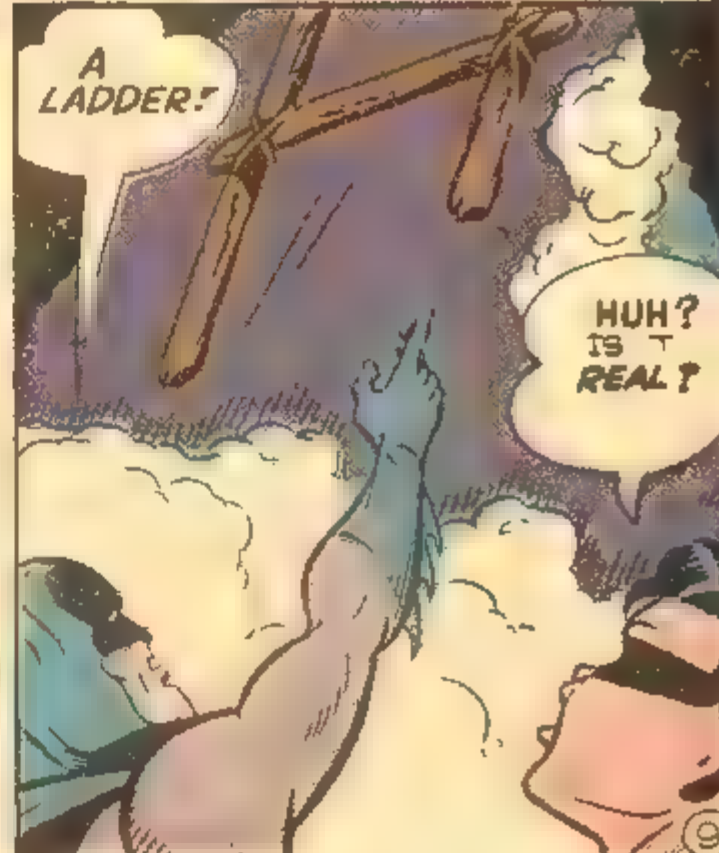
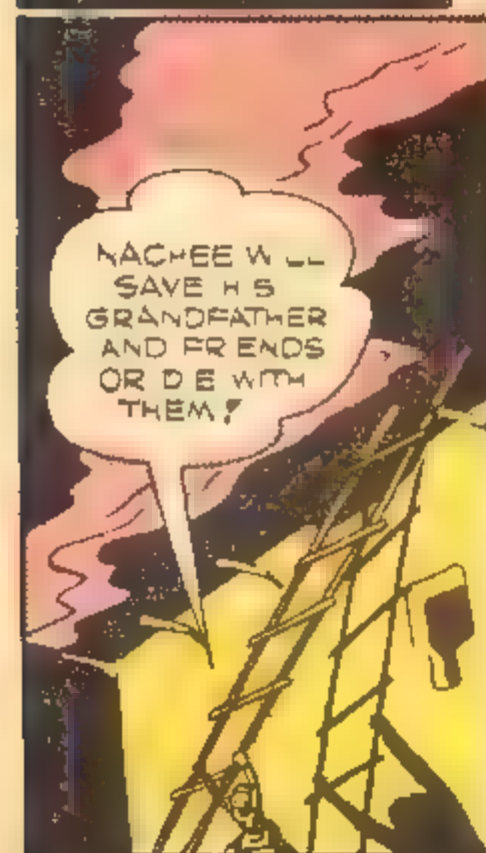
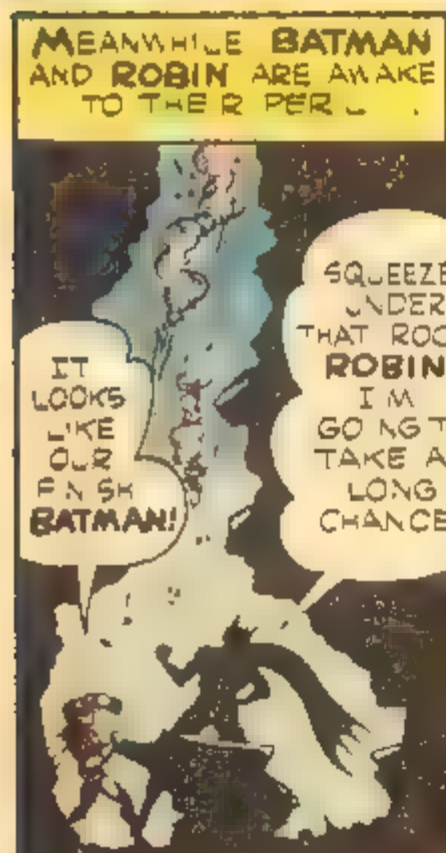
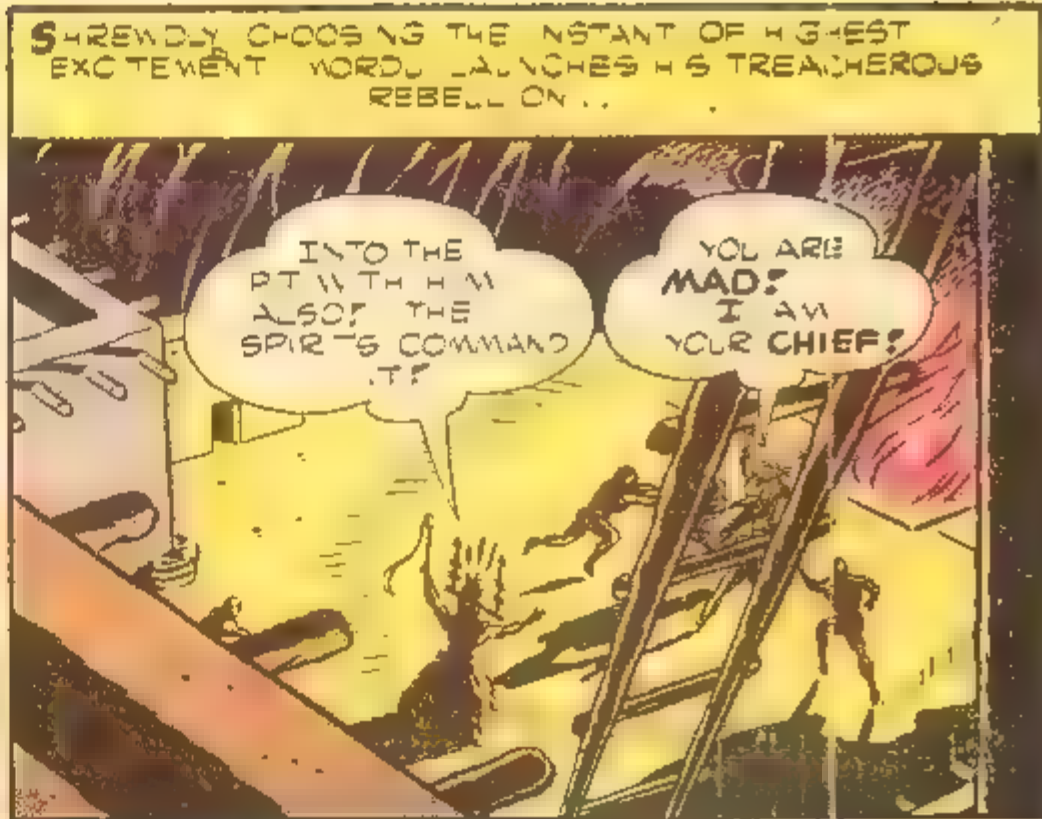
THE NEXT MOMENT...

OH NOBLE GRAND-  
FATHER! EVIL  
STRANGERS GO TO  
ROB TEMPLE! THEY  
THINK GOLD IS  
HIDDEN THERE!

HO!  
NOW MY PEOPLE  
SHALL KNOW  
THE TRUTH!









SECONDS LATER AS MORDU'S MEN HESITATE...

**BATMAN?**  
SAVE MY GRANDFATHER THE CHIEF!

RIGHT, NACHEE? I'LL TURN ON THE HEAT WHERE IT BELONGS!

YOU LADS WILL NEVER SET THE WORLD ON FIRE!

WARRIORS GIVE GROUND BEFORE THE FURIOUS CHARGE OF THE CHAMPIONS...

... BUT WE MIGHT IF YOU DON'T BACK UP!

BAD MEN ARE IN THE TEMPLE SEEKING GOLD THAT IS NOT THERE!

AFTER THEM? THEY ARE ONLY TWO MEN AND TWO BOYS UNARMED!

IN THE TEMPLE...

NUTTIN' YET? WE SHOULD'VE MADE DA BRAT SHOW US WHERE T'S HIDE!

AW, WE GOT LOTS' O' TIME? DA REDSKINS IS TOO BUSY ROASTIN' DA BATMAN AN' ROBIN 'TAT AX ABOUT US?

ABRUPTLY...

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?

YIII-III! IT'S DEM!

DON'T STAND DERE SHAKIN' YA LUG! START SHOOTIN'!

DIDN'T YOU HEAR YOUR PALL TELL YOU TO STOP SHAKING?

YOUR GUNNIN' DAYS ARE OVER, RANDY!

WHEN YOU WAKE UP YOU'LL BE BACK IN A CELL!

WE'VE STILL GOT TO FIGHT MORDUK AND HIS GANG! BUT-BUT-WHAT'S THIS?



MORDU, THE UNSCRUPULOUS MEDICINE MAN, IS BEYOND THE AID OF MEDICINE?

ONE OF RANDY'S BULLETS MUST HAVE HIT HIM!

AYE—BUT **FATE** GUIDED THE BULLET!



I LIED—CHEATED—HOPING TO MAKE MYSELF CHIEF... NOW THE SPIRITS I DISHONORED—ARE PUNISHING ME!...

AAA-A-A...

HE'S GONE!

YOU SPOKE TRULY WHEN YOU CALLED US MAD, O GREAT CHIEF! WE ARE SORRY!

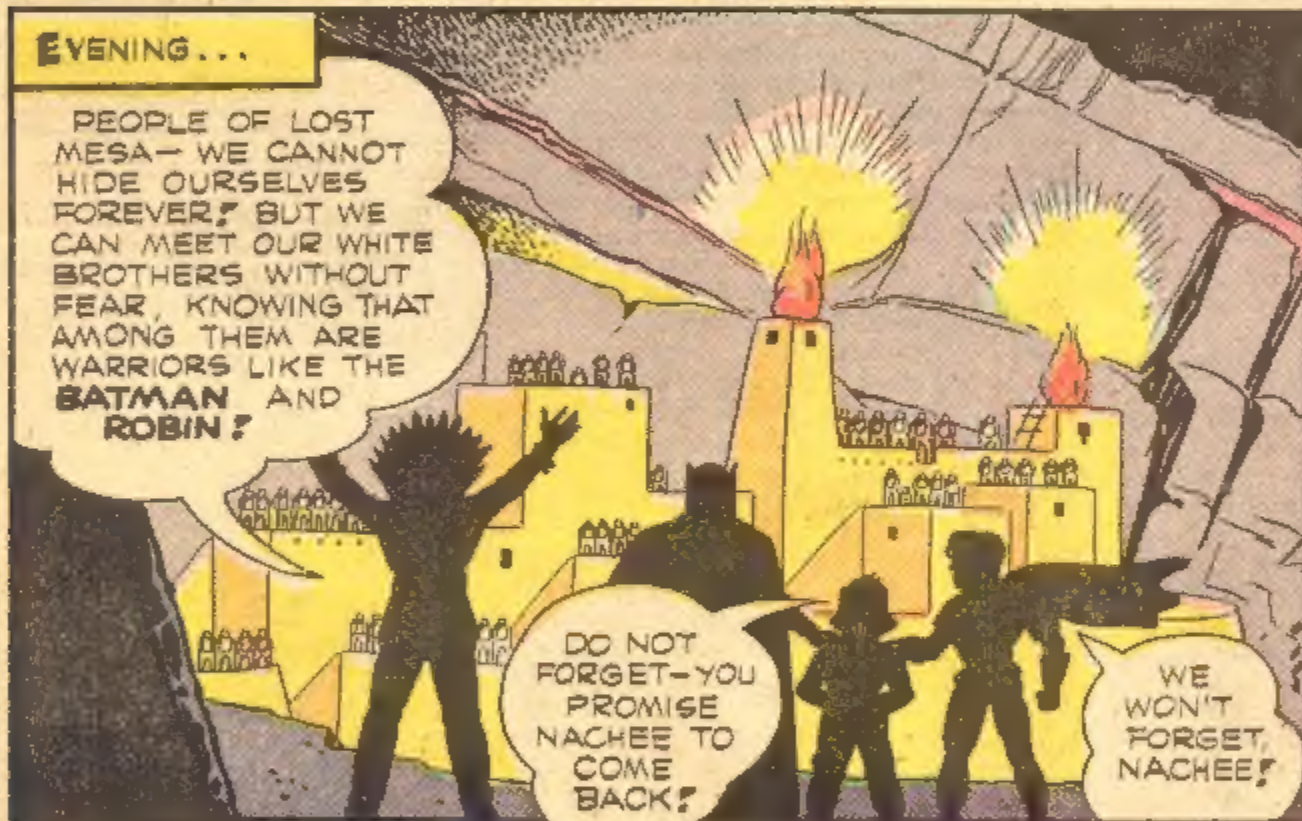


EVENING...

PEOPLE OF LOST MESA—WE CANNOT HIDE OURSELVES FOREVER! BUT WE CAN MEET OUR WHITE BROTHERS WITHOUT FEAR, KNOWING THAT AMONG THEM ARE WARRIORS LIKE THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

DO NOT FORGET—YOU PROMISE NACHEE TO COME BACK!

WE WON'T FORGET, NACHEE!



MIDNIGHT—AND TWO PARACHUTES FLOAT DOWNWARD FROM A LOFTY PLANE...

WELL, **BATMAN**, WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF RANDY AND MONK!

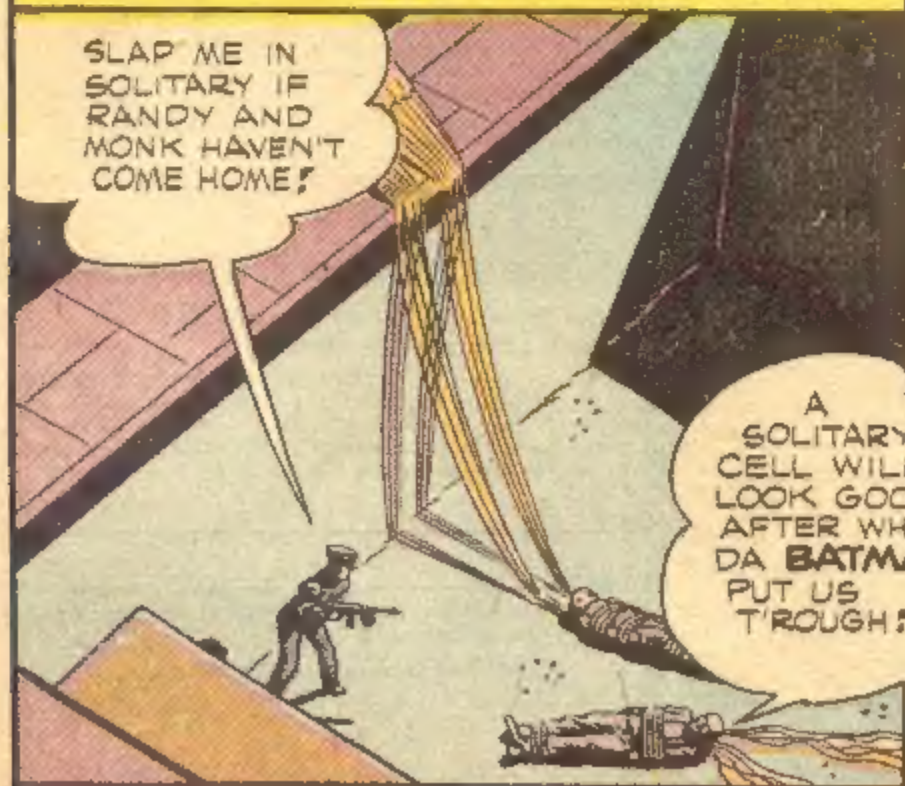
I HOPE!



IN THE YARD OF A SOUTHWESTERN PRISON...

SLAP ME IN SOLITARY IF RANDY AND MONK HAVEN'T COME HOME!

A SOLITARY CELL WILL LOOK GOOD AFTER WHAT DA **BATMAN** PUT US THROUGH!



AND NEXT DAY, IN GOTHAM CITY...

THEY LEFT **ROBIN** OUT OF THE HEADLINES!

AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T GET LEFT OUT OF THE FUN, HE WON'T KICK!



THE END.





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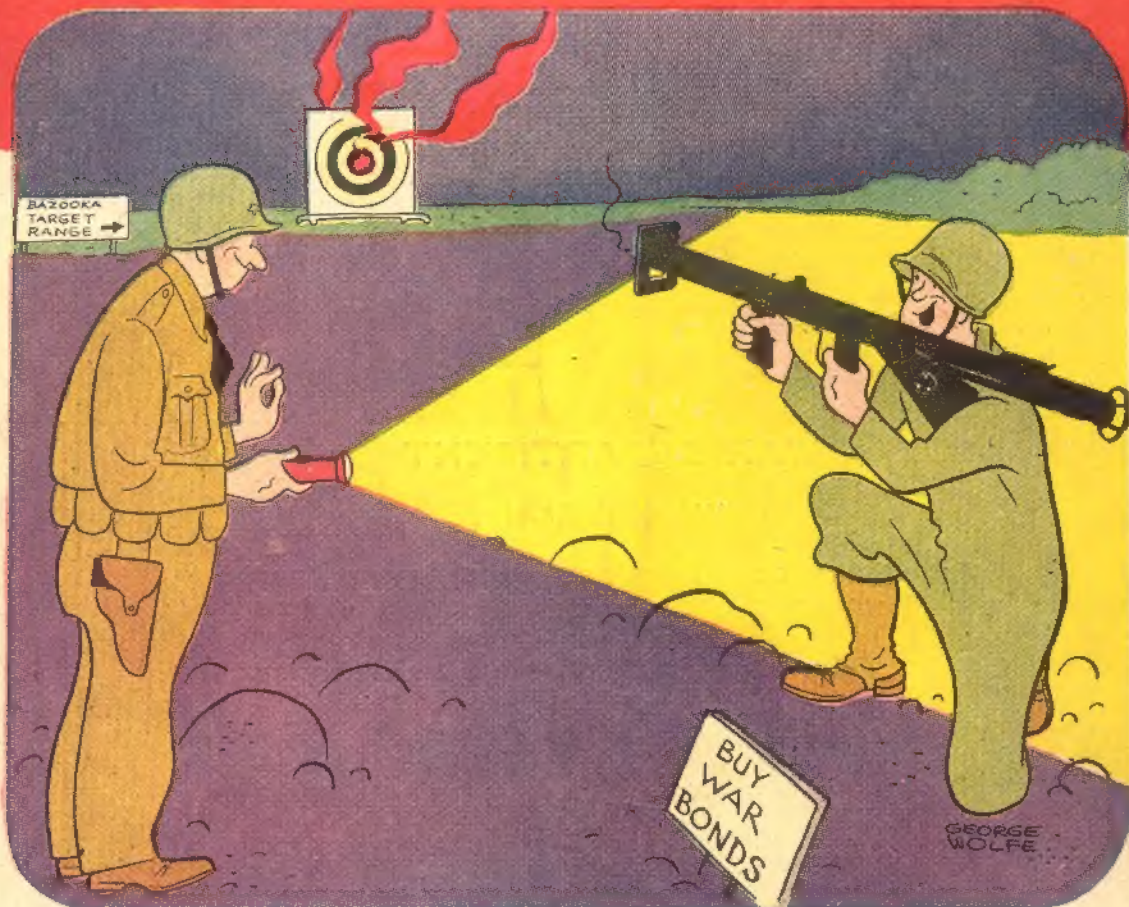


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